

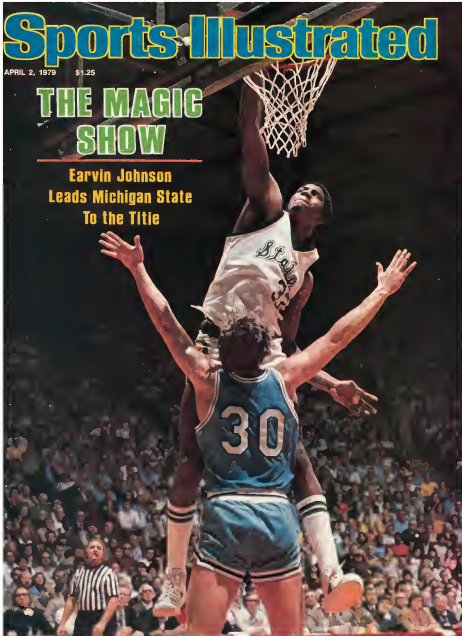
Sports Illustrated

APRIL 2, 1979

\$1.25

THE MAGIC SHOW

**Earvin Johnson
Leads Michigan State
To the Title**



**Heineken from Holland.
It didn't get to be America's
number one imported beer just by
looking this good.**



Heineken tastes tremendous — no wonder it's number one.

Exxon nuclear fuel helps provide power and light for millions of Americans.

Nuclear fuel for generating electricity is made of uranium compressed into small pellets

U-235 is the fissionable isotope in uranium that produces most of the energy in the pellet. It takes about 2000 pounds of uranium-bearing rock to get just $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of U-235

Though less than $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch in diameter, nuclear fuel pellets are power-packed. Each pellet contains the energy equivalent of about 100 gallons of oil.

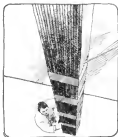
The pellets are sealed in long metal tubes or fuel rods.

The rods are grouped together in bundles or assemblies. Each rod must be exactly positioned and spaced within the assembly.

It takes some 200 nuclear fuel assemblies to make up the core of one modern reactor.

Annual electricity production from this reactor can meet the present average electrical needs of over 750,000 American homes. If generated by fossil fuels, this amount of electricity would require 10 million barrels of oil or 3 million tons of coal.

By 1990, nuclear fuel could provide about 30% of total U.S. electricity demand.



EXXON

Starting out, you need life insurance that's easy to handle.

If you think that you can't afford all the life insurance you need to protect your family, think again.

New York Life, for example, offers a No-Frills Policy with real savings. It's available in limited amounts, up to age 45, and written very simply. That way we can keep your costs easy to handle.

Or consider a New York Life Budget Policy—a special combination of whole life insurance and lower-cost term insurance.

Your New York Life Agent can tell you all about these attractively priced policies and others. Why not call today.

New York Life. For all of your life.



New York Life Insurance Company 30 Nassau Avenue, New York, New York 10038. Life, Group and Health Insurance. Arrangers Through Times.

Save \$7 at Sears.



The Sears 48 Battery. Powerful and maintenance-free so you don't have to add water under normal operating conditions. Now only \$42.99 with trade-in. You save \$7.

Deadline April 14th

"Straight Talk, Good Values
and Satisfaction"

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Sears

Most Tire and Auto Centers

On Sale Now from April 1st through April 14th.

Save \$14^{to}\$28 at Sears.



Buy a set of four Dynaglass Belted 25 tires during Sears National Truck-load Sale and save \$14 to \$28. Sears Dynaglass Belted 25 Tires give you two fiber glass belts plus two polyester cord plies for strength and durability. Buy 'em now and save.

Deadline April 21st

"Straight Talk, Good Values
and Satisfaction"

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Sears

Most Tire and Auto Centers

On Sale Now from April 1st through April 21st.

"Our brandy agrees with the taste of fruit. It makes a sour more delicious. And only we make The Christian Brothers Brandy. Our tradition of quality is your assurance that the taste is always good—light, mellow and smooth—any way it's served."

Brother Timothy F.S.C.
Cellarmaster

Photographed at Mont La Salle winemaking and winery in the Napa Valley



From The Christian Brothers of California

WORLDWIDE DISTRIBUTORS: FRUMM AND SILVER, INC., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. BRANDY • 40 PROOF



The Power Tool.

Racquetball is a power struggle. And the Impact One™ racquet helps you come out on top. AMF Voit designed it to translate experience and control into kill shots on the courts. Every feature we put into it plays up to you. And then some.

Impact One is shaped for power with a unique modified teardrop frame of lightweight aluminum. It puts more weight behind the hitting area and gives you a larger sweet spot. Yet it weighs in at only 267 grams.

And the Impact One has a feature you won't find on any other racquet—a floating nylon throat. It's not absolutely rigid, so

you actually feel the power of your shots.


Our proportional stringing gives you the consistent response you need in the clutch. And we've even stitched on the head bumper, so it won't slide around and knock your swing off balance.

Make a power play. Check out AMF Voit's Impact One and our other top-of-the-line products, before you play your next game.

For a sample Rollout® Bleu racquetball and a copy of our booklet, RACQUETBALL FOR WINNERS, send \$2 to AMF Voit at the address below.

Santa Ana, CA 92704





**People who see our sophisticated
new plate mill at Burns Harbor might
think we can improve facilities everywhere.**

It's not that easy. It takes an awful lot of money to modernize, expand, and maintain steelmaking facilities. Multi-millions, for example, to build this new Bethlehem mill for rolling steel plates at our Burns Harbor, Ind., plant.

In recent years, the steel industry has found it difficult to generate sufficient funds to invest in all the newer and more productive facilities desired. Steel imports dumped into our country, soaring costs, and heavy environmental demands have all taken their toll on profits. Solutions to these and other problems will help us generate additional funds for capital investment...help us adopt new technology wherever practical to cut our costs and improve our profitability. Bethlehem will continue to seek those solutions.

Bethlehem 

Bethlehem, PA 18010

- 
1. Adaptability—choice of Simplicity-built speed and power packages to fit most any lawn and garden chore
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



SINCERELY YOURS: CANOBBIO, HEMMEL, MACERA AND SCOTT

No one in New York welcomed spring more enthusiastically last week than Ann Scott and the members of the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED letters department. Every winter the letters people struggle to keep up with the mail that follows our annual swimsuit issue. Thousands of letters arrive each month, but that particular issue can be counted on to yield a deluge: "I loved it," "I hated it," "Cancel my subscription," "Renew my subscription," "Where can I get the suits?" "Where can I get the girls?"

Each letter sent to the magazine is read by Scott or a member of her staff. "The job is really great fun," says Scott, who came to SI from the LIFE letters department in 1973.

Every letter received is acknowledged; many of them receive replies.

The writer of a "How dare you?" letter is told how we dared, a "Why didn't you?" one is told why we didn't. Our how-and-why person is usually Judy Hemmel, a sky-diving enthusiast who majored in advertising copywriting and more than a degree of zest for repartee. One reader, having read that Writer Curry Kirkpatrick's child was named Sage, asked whether there was a Rosemary or Ginger in the family. No, said Judy, but Curry was indeed a man for all seasons.

One group of readers apparently believes we can provide an answer to almost anything. Such requests are referred to our Reader Service Correspondent. For the past four years this

has been Susan Kirsch, who last week celebrated the arrival of spring with an arrival of her own, 6-pound 9-ounce Joshua Mathew. Her replacement for the time being is Bob Canobbio, a graduate of Towson State (Md.), where he studied mass communications and played in the outfield.

Reader requests range from those of students who want us to write term papers for them to the type exemplified by a letter from a young woman who was "desperately in love with Franco Harris" and wanted all our extra pictures of him (what she got was the address of the Pittsburgh Steelers). And then there was the reader from Staten Island who requested "all the addresses in sports."

In addition to the thousands of letters, hundreds of phone calls come into the department each month, so many, indeed, that there isn't time to route them through Secretary Sandy Macera. Canobbio and Hemmel answer their own phones, and even chief of the operation Ann Scott gets her fair share of the inevitable inquiries that lead off, "We got this bet, see..." Scott, a patient, gentle woman who recently celebrated her 30th anniversary with Time Inc., observes, "One thing I've learned since coming to SI is that you can't calm an angry fan by telling him, 'Well, it's just a game.'"

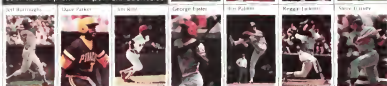
Ann Scott



Sports Illustrated®

SUPERSTAR "Signature" POSTERS

Magnificent full color action posters of the superstars of sport.
A full 2 feet by 3 feet with the signature of each star in a prominent position. Each \$3.00



BASKETBALL

- 4503 Reggie Miller
- 4501 Rod Cottle
- 4502 Mike Rodriguez
- 4503 Mike Bureles
- 4504 Nelson Ryan
- 4505 Jim Pothier
- 4506 Steve Carlton
- 4507 Reggie Jackson
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FOOTBALL

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TENNIS

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WRESTLING

- 4533 Hulk Hogan

BASEBALL

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BREWED TO TASTE THE SAME ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC.



Tuborg is brewed in America to taste the same as Grøn Tuborg of Denmark.

And each bottle and can of Tuborg Gold carries a Certificate of Authenticity to prove it. It's the only document of its kind in the world.

If you want the true taste of one of the world's great beers at an affordable price, go for the gold. Tuborg Gold.

Because it's brewed to taste the same on both sides of the Atlantic.

WE'VE PROVED OUR TASTE IS TRUE TO ITS NAME.



How it looks on paper:

Hull length	7.5 ft
Width	2 ft
Hull height	2.5 ft
Stationary draft	2.5 ft
Planing draft	4 inches
Weight	350 lbs
Oil Capacity	8 U.S. gals
Max Speed	over 30 mph
Fuel type	oil and gas mixture (50 parts avg. fuel 100 parts oil)
Elevation Capacity	2 adults
Engine Type	2 cyl 50 HP, 2 cyl 70 HP
Automatic (vibr. pump and blowers)	
Meets all non-exempted U.S. Coast Guard regulations	
Specifications subject to change w/o notice	

A motorcycle on water? At first the idea seemed all wet.

It's new. It's imaginative. It's a combination of all the thrills and fun of cycling, boating, and water skiing. It's an experience. It's like nothing else before. It's the Wetbike watercycle.

It also sounds a little unbelievable. After all, how do you get a 350 pound motorcycle up on top of the water?

Putting the principle of hydroplaning to work.

To get the feel of a motorcycle on water, Wetbike had to rise up and then skim across the top of the water. It had to hydroplane like a slalom water ski, but without the aid of a tow rope.

and true. But what if you wanted to turn?

Many months went into designing the front and rear skis. The results?

Wetbike can bank into turns with speed and agility. The riding position is very similar to that of a motorcycle. You lean into turns and forward into jumps. Even riding two up, the response and handling is quick and sure.

Should you fall, the engine automatically stops



free engine. A 50 hp (723 CC) Suzuki-Spartan outboard powerhead. Each one is tested and run at the factory for 30 minutes. So when you turn on the electric start and hit the gas, you've got dependable power. Power to get Wetbike up on top of the water, into turns, over rolling waves then back to shore. Time and time again.



Then where would Wetbike's power come from?

Let us propeller.

At first, a conventional propeller driven outboard motor was tried. And tried. And tried.

Then came the idea of a jet pump drive. There was no exposed prop, which made it much safer. And the jet pump was noted for good solid thrust at the low end.

In every respect, Wetbike's specially designed jet pump drive proved to be ideal. Wetbike was up on the top of the water, running straight

and the Wetbike settles, up, right, into the water. And again, there's no propeller to worry about.

The reliability of a proven engine.

To make sure you have more fun out on the water, we put in a time tested, trouble

Ready to get your feet wet?

SI

Until you see the Wetbike in action, or better yet, get on one and ride, you're not going to feel the excitement that's there, just waiting.

The Wetbike watercycle. It's a whole new wave in water sports. And to get on it, send us the coupon below. We'll send you the name of the nearest Wetbike dealer.



Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____



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Wetbike

ITALIANS FEEL YOUR CAR SEAT SHOULD BE THE MOST COMFORTABLE SEAT YOU OWN.



It makes perfect sense. After all, in a car you're not sitting still, you're traveling.

If you drive only 15,000 miles a year, you could spend more than 400 hours bouncing over bumps, ruts, and potholes. So we've designed seats for the Strada that are wide, cushiony, and "much softer" than the Rabbit's, according to Car and Driver.

STRADA. ITS SEATS ARE QUITE A WORK OF ART IN THEMSELVES.

Italian-style seats. Works of soft sculpture, contoured to hold you in on turns, keep you comfortable on trips. Add Strada's fully independent suspension and a long, strenuous drive becomes a long sensuous one.

STRADA. MORE ROOM THAN THE RABBIT.

And Strada's seats are set in an interior so spacious, there's more room than the Rabbit for passengers and cargo.

An interior so "striking," to quote Car and Driver, that it even has a "steering wheel that advances the art in small cars to a new high."

STRADA. LESS EXPENSIVE THAN THE RABBIT.

And Strada has something else very few other cars have. A 24 month/24,000 mile limited power train warranty.* One twice as long as most economy cars. Yet, for all this, Strada is less expensive than the Rabbit.**

The 1979 Fiat Strada. Beautiful. Comfortable.

Original. Another Italian work of art. **\$4888 AS SHOWN****

FIAT

24 MONTH
24,000 MILE
LIMITED
POWER TRAIN
WARRANTY*

Power Train Warranty

*New car only. Excludes certain vehicles and exclusions. See your dealer for details. **1979 msrp suggested retail prices. Local taxes, title, license, dealer fees, and dealer prep not included. For the name of the dealer nearest you call toll free (800) 447-4700 or in Illinois (800) 322-4400.



STRADA. ANOTHER ITALIAN WORK OF ART.

© Fiat Motors of North America, Inc. 1979

SCORECARD

Edited by JOHN PAPANIK

THE MORE THE MUDDIER

The NHL will soon be the only hockey game in town. Last week in Chicago, the NHL-WHA merger plan, which was nixed by a single vote in Florida three weeks ago, was brought to life. This time, two vote changes—by Montreal and Vancouver—passed the merger, which for almost \$10 million apiece will bring WHA clubs Winnipeg, Edmonton, Quebec and New England into the NHL fold, most likely by next season.

The Montreal Canadiens, owned by the Molson Breweries, had been heavily pressured, mainly by fans in Edmonton and Winnipeg who boycotted Molson's beer. Vancouver switched its ballot because the NHL agreed to change its scheduling pattern and draw up a balanced slate, provided Vancouver would go for the merger.

Instead of nurturing the rivalries—Islanders vs. Rangers, Boston vs. Buffalo, etc.—developed by having teams in the same division meet four times at home, four on the road each season, as at present, all 21 NHL clubs would face off a total of four times, barely often enough to recognize each others' uniforms. Such a schedule might cause less embarrassment for the weaker teams, but for the NHL, says Boston General Manager Harry Sinden, "The balanced schedule will be a giant step backward."

OBOT:

If you happen to be in Stamford, Conn., you might catch sight of a shiny new Jeep. It's a beauty, a real cream puff. It has stripes, CR gear, the right sort of oversized tires, leather steering-wheel cover—the works. Somebody thought up an apt sort of license plate for it, too.

THE ENVELOPE, PLEASE

"For most Americans Feb. 21 was a day like all others. But for college football coaches it was the day to send the tuxedo to the cleaners, dust off the old 'Coach of the Year' speech and arrange

for a booking on the Johnny Carson show." So writes Joe Terranova, the Ford Motor Co. marketing researcher from Dearborn, Mich. who watches more than 500 high school game films a year and then, after all the letters of intent and grant-in-aid tenders are signed (Feb. 21 this year), reports on who scored best in the annual scramble for schoolboy flesh.

For the second year in a row Terranova's winner is Southern Cal. The Trojans landed seven offensive and defensive linemen who average out to 6' 5" and 243 pounds—"more pure beef than at Oscar Mayer's Vernon packing plant." Tops among them are 6' 5", 260-pound George Achica and 6' 7", 265-pound Don Mosebar, the nation's two "franchise" players. "USC will win at least two of the next four national championships," according to Terranova.

The rest of the top 10:

2. Notre Dame: Also got a good haul of linemen and two blue-chip backs. Dave Duerson on defense and Roderick Bone on offense.

3. SMU "Like Dolly Parton, Ron Meyer's contingent is busting at the seams with talent." Included are Eric Dickerson and Craig James, "two of the top five running backs in the country."

4. Penn State: Lots of big linemen, the nation's premier tight end, Mike McCloskey, a hot quarterback prospect in Todd Blackledge and, of course, a future All-America linebacker, Jeff Hostetler.

5. Oklahoma "So many thoroughbreds, it's rumored that they'll wear silks next season instead of those mesh jerseys." The names: Stanley (the Steamer) Wilson, Kenneth Jenkins, Darryl Goodlow, Weldon Ledbetter.

6. Stanford: In line with Palo Alto tradition, landed the nation's top quarterback, John Elway, who completed 129 of 200 passes for 1,837 yards and 19 touchdowns in just five games after 3,039 yards and 25 TDs as a junior.

7. Clemson: Andy Headen, 6' 5", 215 pounds, is among the nation's best quarterbacks.

8. Georgia: "Melvin Dorsey and Carmie Norris may become the greatest running backs in Bulldog history."

9. Arizona State: "This group of brawny-knuckled recruits may be the Sun Devils' best ever."

10. Mississippi: "The last time the Rebels recruited this well, Robert E. Lee sat on his veranda sipping mint juleps, contemplating where he wanted his statue erected in Washington. Running Back Buford McGee has enough press clippings to wallpaper an entire living room."

AND SOME TURTLES LIVE 300 YEARS

As a service to runners, we hereby provide the latest in:

Advice. Don't put marshmallows in your shoes. So says San Diegoan Rick Altmark, who notes in a letter to the newspaper *On The Run* what happened when



he did just that in an attempt to cushion his feet while running: "After a few miles the stuff started boiling out of my shoes. It was a mess."

Doomsaying, Dr. Christian Barnard, the heart-transplant pioneer, warns in a South African newspaper column that if you run along streets or highways, you may be inhaling "a sewer of noxious gases from car exhaust stirred up by your pounding feet and dragged into your straining lungs with every breath."

Rip-offs, Fred Lebow, president of the New York Road Runners Club, says that some podiatrists are "exploiting the running boom" by charging up to \$400 for

Continued



One of these homeowners is thrifty, safety conscious, and a sitting duck for financial disaster.

He doesn't even know it. He thinks he's done his best to protect his home and his possessions. He hasn't.

Many people, like the man on the left, believe they have adequate homeowners insurance. But inflation has been pushing up the value of their homes. They don't update their coverage every year. So when disaster strikes, they are unable to fully recover their losses.

Rising replacement costs are one reason. In the last 10 years the cost of re-siding a home jumped 132%, re-shingling a roof 155%, and repainting a living room 142%.¹ In the last five years alone, the cost of building a new home has increased 63%.²

As a group of property and casualty insurance companies, we don't want you to be a sitting duck by not having your insurance provide full protection for your home. Check with your agent to be sure your homeowners policy reflects the amount of additional coverage inflation has made necessary.

Here's what we're doing to help protect you:

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- Inventory all your possessions and take photos of each room to document what you have

1. Source: H.D. DeGroot, editor, "Current Statistics," Winter 4, Survey 50, The Insurance Company of North America.

2. This message is published by The American Insurance Association, 85 John Street, New York, NY 10038.

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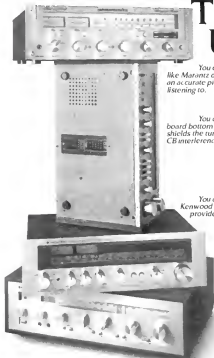
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Products. A Massachusetts jeweler has designed a silver-tipped "jogging stick" useful for warding off vicious dogs or getting through crowds, and a San Franciscan has come up with a "Jogger's ID card" with space for medical-history information. The latter idea was inspired by an article about two joggers who died—one from an aneurysm, the other when struck by a car.

Mishaps. Two joggers were stopped by a patrolman in Avon Lake, Ohio and charged with using roads "where walks and paths are available." They thought the officer was kidding, kept running and were also charged with resisting arrest. A woman was running along a road in Boulder, Colo. when she was arrested for running—literally—a red light. And in Maine one runner was accosted at knife point, another was hit by a car and hospitalized, and a third was arrested for littering after putting an empty can of Energade on a snowbank.

Grad findings. The Boston Marathon is only two weeks off.

LIVE...FROM NEW YORK

Fans of the downtrodden, take heart. Chico Escuela is attempting a comeback, à la Jim Boston, at age 41. The former All-Star second baseman who left the New York Mets in 1973 and has lately been employed as a sportscaster on NBC's *Saturday Night Live* "Weekend Update" team, says his spice in broadcasting is safe if his return to baseball ends up in the dirt. "NBC," says Escuela, "been bera, bera good to me."

Escuela is best remembered for his unique fielding tactic of sliding into second base along with the runner and for his personal motto: "Kup your eye on de bol."

The passage of time will ease Escuela's return in at least one respect: Few of his old teammates who were featured in the more hard chapters of his tell-all book, *Bad Stuff About the Mets*, which sold hundreds of copies in 1974, are still around to harass him.

GAME TIME

What do 3, 9% and 2.7, 8% mean? Give up? They are the Nielsen ratings and audience shares for NBA telecasts on their last two Sundays of head-to-head competition with college basketball.

One more: Who are Adam Adams, Mark Mike and Rocky Rocket? Clue: They're on the same professional tour as Mark Lye, Wren Lum, Mike Zack and ... Jack Nicklaus.

POLITICAL BASKETBALL

Orrin G. Hatch (R., Utah) took the floor of the U.S. Senate recently to extol the virtues of one of his state's products—college basketball. Hatch crowed because Utah had four teams entered in the NCAA tournament—Utah, Utah State, Weber State and BYU—and said he hoped to see one of them among the final four at Salt Lake City. Alas, the tournament ended last Monday night with nary a Utahian on the court, and Hatch had to do a little crow-eating. During his Senate speech he had said, "I know that all of this may seem like a bit of bragging on my part [but I] feel confident that no other Senator can find four schools in his state that have the support of the fans like these schools."

One other Senator, Richard G. Lugar (R., Indiana), knew a fish when he smelled it. After a few days of quiet research, Lugar got up to debate his distinguished colleague on a subject, said Lugar, "which is close to the heart of every citizen in Indiana—basketball, known in Indiana as 'Hoosier Hysteria.' With great respect for my good friend from Utah, let me just say that it is very difficult for me to imagine a place in the world where basketball is more popular than in Indiana."

Sure enough, out came the facts. Lugar's task force found that Indiana's four biggest basketball schools—Indiana State, Indiana, Notre Dame and Purdue—outdrew the Utahs 12,191 per game to 12,064, and, Lugar bragged, "It is only fitting that following this year's NCAA championship game at Salt Lake City, the site of the tournament finale will move next year to Indianapolis." Presumably, Lugar will remind Hatch this week how much better the Indiana teams did in the NIT and NCAA tournaments than the Utah teams.

It is nice to know that our Senators are not totally obsessed with inflation, oil prices and unemployment. We wonder, however, where Senators Walter Huddleston and Wendell Ford were while this basketball issue was being dribbled around. The combined average attendance for the top four basketball schools in their state—Kentucky, Louis-

ville, Eastern Kentucky and Western Kentucky—was 12,616, better than either Indiana's or Utah's.

IN YOUR FACE, GOLIATH

Hoosier basketball fans have been stretched mighty thin lately. The finals of the state high school tournament, always a big deal in Indiana, drew more attention than usual last weekend when tiny Argos High—276 students, its tallest starter 6'2"—showed up among the final four in Indianapolis. Argos lost in the semifinals to Anderson (1,875 students), but no school that small had loomed so large since Milan (145 students) won the tournament in 1954.

But Argos' achievement pales next to that of even tinier Parkdale, which won the Arkansas State tournament. A Class B school of 100 students—Class B is for schools too small to field a football team—located in a cotton town of 400, eight miles from the Louisiana border, Parkdale went 42-2 over the regular season, then beat Class AAAAA Pine Bluff (2,000 students) and top-ranked Marmaduke (which has only 120 students itself) to become the smallest champion in the state's history. What's more, Parkdale had no one over six feet, which made its 73-62 win over Marmaduke—6'4", 6'8" and 6'3" across the front line—well, almost biblical. And by the way, Parkdale High did not even exist four years ago.

"Anybody can compete if they pay the price," says Parkdale Coach Danny Ebbs. "It doesn't matter how small they are. Hard work can make up for lack of ability." Says the town's mayor, John Sumner Barnes, "This has meant more to the town of Parkdale than anything since ... since we've had a town of Parkdale."

THEY SAID IT

• Sparky Lyle, now a Texas Ranger reliever, on his Yankee World Series ring: "I wanted to find out if the diamond was for real, so I cut the glass on my coffee table with it. Then I found out the coffee table was worth more than the ring."

• Joe Axelson, Kansas City Kings president, on the burden of NBA coaches: "The woods are full of general managers, ticket sellers, owners, but not coaches. People who can survive in this league, get on those planes, coach a kids' game and retain their sanity are very rare—just like a day in June." **END**

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THEY CAGED THE BIRD

While Earvin Johnson directed a balanced offense, and the defense deterred Larry Bird, Michigan State won the NCAAAs

by LARRY KEITH

Last Monday night, in the championship game, Michigan State confirmed a notion that had been gaining credence as the NCAA tournament progressed and State rolled to one easy win after another. The Spartans, despite a 21-6 regular-season record, are a superb team—perhaps even a great one—largely because of their perfect mix of superstars in the spotlight and supernumeraries in the shadows. Together, they accomplished what Earvin Johnson and Gregory Kelser could never have done by themselves—indeed, what no team had been able to do this season. The Spartans caged Larry Bird and ended the 33-game winning streak of Indiana State 75-64 to win their first national basketball title.

For Bird, the word in Salt Lake City was frustration. He missed shots, he committed turnovers and he failed to find the open man. He also needed what Johnson and Kelser had, a supporting cast of bit players who could come up with the critical basket or rebound. Yes, Johnson scored 24 points and Kelser 19 in the final, but a little left-handed guard named Terry Donnelly popped in 15 points and a substitute center named Ron Charles grabbed seven rebounds.

Donnelly played a particularly important role. His first shot, less than five minutes into the game, gave Michigan State a lead it never relinquished, and his last four, early in the second half, blew the margin to 16. After averaging only 6.3 points during Michigan State's first 31 games, he was hardly accustomed to this sort of performance. "I was surprised," he said. "Earvin was throwing the ball to me the same as everyone else."

With that kind of balance and that kind of lead, the Spartans were not about to lose. Indiana State never got closer than six points after Donnelly's burst, and the Sycamores took themselves out of the game when they blew four opportunities to cut the deficit further with the score 61-54.

continued

Michigan State kept serving up its favorite delicacy, the Bird sandwich, in which a couple of Spartans, like Kelser and Donnelly, surrounded him

The Spartans made it clear from the beginning that they were the better team, and they proved it in the most convincing fashion possible—by containing Bird. The player of the year shot seven for 21, scored only 19 points, committed six turnovers and passed for only two assists. Michigan State Coach Jud Heathcote designed a variation of the Spartans' matchup zone that put "a man and a half" on Bird. "He was very, very frustrated," said Spartan Center Jay Vincent. "He kept saying, 'Give me the ball, give me the ball,' but his teammates couldn't get it to him." On those occasions when Bird did get the ball and, in turn, wanted to pass it to someone else, he seldom found anybody open. The Spartans prepared for Bird's usually dazzling passing game the day before by having Johnson work his magic against the other Michigan State regulars in practice. After that, the real Bird was a piece of cake.

At the end, Bird and his teammates were left with a 33-1 record, which was about 10 games better than anyone had predicted for them, and a dream that very nearly came true. When the game was over, Sycamore Forward Alex Gilbert

walked to the bench and yelled, "Get your head up. Get your head up. We don't want people to think we aren't winners. We're still No. 1!"

Not really, of course. That accolade belonged to Michigan State, which had 15 wins in its last 16 games. "We'd been a very, very good team the last month," said Kelser. "I felt that if we won we could say we are a great team. Well, we are. We play together, and we use the talent that we have. I haven't realized we're champions yet, but I will, and it will hit me like a brick. I'll explode."

By reaching the championship game, the finalists brought a semblance of sanity to a freaked-out season. The biggest upsets in Saturday's two semifinals was that there were no upsets; the third-ranked Spartans swamped Penn 101-67, and the top-ranked Sycamores edged DePaul 76-74. So much for upstarts and old men.

The Quakers had hoped to gain recognition for their Eastern Establishment team, which was making its first appearance in the final four, and for the Ivy League, whose last representative in such distinguished basketball company had

been Princeton in 1965. They certainly sounded confident enough, as when star Forward Tony Price declared, "I have no fear of Michigan State. They're just a bunch of dudes who play ball."

But, alas, they play it well, and they know it. "It would be very, very easy for us to get complacent and overconfident," admitted Kelser, "but I don't think we'll do that."

Instead, Michigan State got vicious, zooming to a 50-17 halftime lead, the widest first-half margin in the final-four history. With the score 38-8, Kelser sat on the floor near the sideline during an injury time-out and observed to the yawning newsmen on press row, "We're doing it to them, aren't we?"

Of course the Quakers did a lot of it to themselves, because they were suffering from a severe case of "stage fright," as Center Matt White put it. Penn was so shaken by the bright lights that it committed all the usual mistakes and even invented a new one when Vincent Ross passed to James Salters, who was standing out of bounds.

The Johnson-to-Kelser combination was more effective. They combined for five buckets—two of them dunks—and Johnson wound up with 29 points, 10 rebounds and 10 assists. Kelser had 28 points and nine rebounds. When Johnson left the game with 5:33 remaining, he hugged his friend and whispered into his ear, "If we keep playing like this, it's going to be worth a couple of million dollars for us in the pros."

The Spartans equaled two records in their romp, scoring 101 points and winning by 34. But their fans were so bored that before the first half was over they were yelling, "We want the Bird!" On the other side of the arena, the Indiana State rooters answered, "You'll get the Bird!"—and proceeded to show the Spartans backers the bird, too.

In the game that followed, DePaul very nearly clipped Bird's wings. Although he led everyone with 35 points—on fabulous 16-for-19 shooting—16 rebounds and nine assists, his 11 turnovers helped keep the Demos in the game, and he did not score a point in the final 7:32. "If I had known I would make 11 turnovers," he said, "I would have thought we would lose."

Oh, yes, that was the Bird himself talk-

Bird had 16 rebounds along with 16-for-19 shooting in Indiana State's semifinal win over DePaul



HARD TIMES FOR GUY AND THE GUYS

After flying high for three seasons, Guy Lafleur and the Canadiens were rudely brought back to *aqua firme* by Bryan Trottier and the Islanders as New York whipped Montreal in a showdown between the NHL's best teams by MARK MULVOY

Ten minutes before the opening face-off in last Thursday night's showdown between the Montreal Canadiens and the New York Islanders, scalpers outside the Forum were still getting \$125 for a single \$15 seat in the "reds." Inside, Guy Lafleur and the Canadiens were about to begin an all-points search for their mystique, which had mysteriously vanished sometime during the previous two weeks.

Lafleur, the NHL scoring champion the last three seasons, had not scored a goal in seven games—"an eternity," he called it—and the Canadiens, who had strolled to the Stanley Cup championship in those three seasons, had won only two of their previous eight games. "It's tough to take," Lafleur noted, "when you're not used to it." The Canadiens were even less used to being two points behind the precocious Islanders, which is where they found themselves in their season-long war to gain the NHL's best record and the No. 1 seed in the playoffs. In addition, Lafleur was eight points behind Islander Center Bryan Trottier in the scoring race. *Sacre bleu!*

"Everybody says that what the Islanders are doing is good for hockey," said Montreal Goalie Ken Dryden. "Maybe it is, but it's not good for the Canadiens."

The plight of Lafleur and the Canadiens was severe enough to bounce even Margaret Trudeau's daily escapades from the front pages of Montreal's newspapers. Forget about Margaret's latest 3 a.m. disco partner. What's wrong with Lafleur? What's wrong with Les Canadiens? An entire nation was asking.

"Lafleur's just in a little slump, that's all," suggested Jean Beliveau, the former center extraordinaire who now is the Canadiens' senior vice-president for corporate affairs. But another Canadian official said, "The trouble with Guy, I'm afraid, is that he always goes as the team goes. The team is going badly now, and Lafleur is, too. When the team gets going, Guy'll get going. But I don't think Lafleur will be the guy who'll get the team going, if you know what I mean."

Does that imply that Lafleur is a front-runner?

"You said it, not me."

New York's Glenn (Chico) Resch, the thinking man's goaltender, had his own theory about what was wrong with Lafleur, but he did not want to reveal it until after the game. "The less I think or say about Lafleur before the game, the better it is for my peace of mind," said Resch. "Then again, maybe Lafleur will shoot pucks through my theory tonight."

Lafleur's goal-scoring fame was hardly the only reason why the Canadiens were mired in what Coach Scotty Bowman called "our first slump in almost four years." All season long Montreal had been ravaged by injuries; last week the team's publicity department issued a *Bilan des Blessures* that showed various ailing Canadiens had missed a total of 158 games.

Also, as Dryden observed, the Canadiens now were "a team with three defensemen looking for a fourth, or a team with two defensemen looking for two more." The unexpected off-season retirement of 26-year-old Bill Nyrop had robbed the Canadiens of their No. 4 defenseman and, to complicate things, Guy

Lapointe, a frequent all-star on defense, had been performing erratically. As a result, Larry Robinson, who would try to play against the Islanders after missing seven games with a knee injury, and Serge Savard oftentimes had to be on the ice more than 40 minutes a game.

It was obvious, too, that the Canadiens sorely missed the genius of Sam Pollock, who retired as general manager last summer following the team's ninth Stanley Cup triumph in 14 years. Pollock left a house divided, a house confused. Most people expected that Pollock would appoint Bowman, who had been a highly successful general manager in St. Louis, as his replacement, but Pollock split the responsibilities among several people, with Irving Grundman assuming the No. 1 title as managing director.

Grundman's detractors claim that while he may well be a shrewd businessman, he is not a "hockey man." A hockey man, a Pollock, would have obtained a No. 4 defenseman for the Canadiens by now, or so they insist. "Would Sam Pollock have let Phil Russell be traded from Chicago to Atlanta when Phil Rus-

Trottier had an assist against Montreal, taking his scoring lead over the slumping Lafleur to nine points.



sell was exactly the defenseman the Canadiens needed?" they ask.

Meanwhile, all was serene among the Islanders. They had already beaten the Canadiens in two of their three meetings this season, and they were buoyed by the fact that they had compiled a better record than the Canadiens even while playing a more difficult schedule. The Islanders drew 33 games against what are now the third-through seventh-place teams in the NHL's overall standings, the Canadiens just 20.

And while Denis Potvin clearly had become the premier defenseman in the NHL, Trotter had replaced LaFleur as the premier forward. The shy, 22-year-old Trotter claims that he is more talkative this year, particularly in the dressing room, where, he says, he no longer hesitates to prod teammates into exerting greater effort. "In the past," Trotter says, "I always felt who was I to speak out, but now I do it and the bell with the consequences. If I make some guy mad, that's his problem. All I want everyone to know is how hard I work on the ice. I want them to see players years from now and think, 'Hey, that guy plays just as hard as Trotter used to play.'"

For almost two seasons, Trotter's line, with sniper Mike Bossy and massive Clark Gillies on the wings, had been the most potent attack force in the NHL, av-

eraging almost four points a game, but in a stunning move Islander Coach Al Arbour recently replaced Gillies at left wing with John Tonelli, a scrapper imported last summer from the WHA. "A very wise decision," Bowman says. "Despite their record, the Islanders were too much of a one-line club, and in the playoffs it's pretty easy to stop one big line with a line made up of checking specialists. That's what Toronto did to them last year."

What usually happens when the Islanders play in Montreal is this: the Islanders, perhaps overawed, become too defensive-minded, and rather than skate their own crisp-passing, high-scoring game, they try to defend the Canadiens' attack instead. "It's like we've wanted to beat them 1-0 on a fluke goal from center ice," said one Islander. "And that style never worked. Whatever happens tonight will happen because we've played our game. We're No. 1 now—not the Canadiens. Let them stop us."

The Canadiens did not come close to stopping the Islanders, and LaFleur, though he took seven shots at Resch, did not come close to breaking his goal-scoring drought. As 18,083, the largest crowd of the season, watched in amazement, the Islanders seemed to toy with the befuddled Canadiens most of the game, which was played at a level of skill and speed rarely seen in these expansion times.

Bossy's league-high 59th goal, scored while Tonelli held the attention of the two Montreal defensemen, gave the Islanders a 1-0 lead at 1:40 of the first period. When the P.A. man announced that Trotter had been given an assist on Bossy's goal, moving him nine points ahead of LaFleur, the pro-LaFleur crowd boomed for several seconds.

For the next 10 minutes one Islander after another broke through the beleaguered Montreal defense and assaulted Dryden on breakaways, but Dryden either made a miracle save or Islanders such as Wayne Merrick and Bob Bourne said their shots wide of the cage. Then Jacques Lemaire tied the game for the Canadiens on a power-play goal, and two minutes later the crowd stood and roared when the P.A. man announced that Trotter's assist on Bossy's goal had been "taken off" and given to Tonelli instead, as indeed it should have been.

Moments later, though, Trotter had his assist back when he set up Pat Price for a shot that Dryden caught easily but

accidentally dropped into the goal. The Islanders continued to bombard him, and near the end of the period Potvin, playing his best game ever in the Forum, went the length of the ice and set up Lorne Henning's goal for a 3-1 lead.

"We were lucky it wasn't 7-1," said Savard.

After receiving a tongue-lashing from Bowman, the Canadiens flew out for the second period and tied the score at 3-3 on goals by Mario Tremblay and Lemaire. "When the Canadiens have exploded like that in the past, we've always gone under," said Resch.

Not this time. Potvin promptly put the Islanders ahead 4-3 with his 30th goal of the season on a shot from the blue line. Then late in the final period, Bourne, who had missed on numerous breakaways, beat Dryden for the clinching goal. The Islanders skated off with a convincing 5-3 victory.

Still, there was a fleeting moment late in the third period, when the score was 4-3, that neither Resch nor the Islanders would like to relive. Suddenly there was LaFleur busting down the right wing, the puck on his stick, the defenseman practically beaten. Why, one could almost hear the P.A. man screeching, "*Le but des Canadiens... Numéro dix Guy LaFleur!!!*"

Resch calmly made the save.

"Now for my theory," Resch said later. "Right now LaFleur is going the way of the average scorer. He is predictable. You can see he is fighting the puck, and when you do that you tend to keep everything basic and just blast away. When he cut in on me that time, I thought he'd shoot the puck—and he did, just as he had done all night. But I had cut down the angle and he didn't have much to shoot at. Now, if he had been in a hot streak, well, he'd have made one or two of his couple of thousand moves and who knows what would have happened. He's not playing with much confidence, you could see that. It's really all psychological. I convinced myself that he was in a slump and played him that way."

In the losers' dressing room, none of the Canadiens offered excuses. "We played our best game in two months," Savard said. "They just played better. They're a good team, eh? It's too bad all the games aren't like this. The people really got their money's worth."

Even at \$125 a seat.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MANNY MELLAN



In the mid-'70s Dwight Stones was the world's best high jumper, achieving records of 7' 7½" outdoors and 7' 6½" indoors. He was suspended from Olympic and all other amateur competition last summer by the AAU for "improperly allocating" the \$33,400 in prize money he won as a competitor in "The Superstars" television series. In this interview he voluntarily describes other improprieties.

During the six-year period in which Stones was near or at the top—just about the best drawing card any track meet could get—the Californian estimates that he made \$200,000 from his "amateur" sport. The money, says Stones, now 25, came via appearance fees, double-billing for travel and hotel accommodations, and performance bonuses such as the \$500 he got from one meet promoter by threatening not to attempt a world-record jump unless he was paid for the effort. Moments after the money was angrily guaranteed, Stones cleared the record height on his first try.

There was a time when Stones seemed to be breaking the world record almost at will, and he remembers occasions when he deliberately stopped competing after setting a record—at the probable cost of an even better one. "You have to keep slicing the baloney," Stones says. "If I hadn't stopped I'd have made the next height for sure: 7' 8" and a fraction was well within my reach and I'd still have the world record, indoors and outdoors. [Today Vladimir Yashchenko of the U.S.S.R. has both—7' 8" and 7' 8½".] But you had to slice the baloney thin, because you got a bonus each time you broke the record. So why mess up and break it by more than you should?"

"To be eligible for participation in the Olympic Games," reads the International Olympic Committee Eligibility Code, "a competitor must not have received any financial rewards or material benefit in connection with his or her sports participation..."

The code ignores the fact that to be competitive, an athlete must train year-round—a practical impossibility for most American Olympic hopefuls once they leave college. Left on their own, a member of U.S. athletes predictably end up



THIS STONES LEFT NONE UNTURNED

Now a former amateur, Dwight Stones tells the world just how he made a comfortable living from high jumping

by RON REID

as Stones did—amateurs in name only. Every knowledgeable person in the track-and-field community realizes what is going on.

At last year's NCAA meet, Stones berated Tennessee Coach Stan Huntsman over a bylined article by Huntsman in *The Olympian*, a magazine published by the U.S. Olympic Committee. Huntsman wrote that the United States would do well in track and field as a team only if it established a permanent national program, but the chances of doing so were virtually impossible because some Americans who competed in Europe through the summer made more than \$60,000 a year and were not likely to sacrifice that to stay home and train. Stones says he hit the ceiling when he read the article. He told Huntsman, "I'm the top-paid guy from the United States in Europe and I make \$20,000—maybe. So some guy might make \$7,000, and that's if he whizzes himself all over Scandinavia so

he gets 20 meets in one month. You want to know how IRS investigations start? Through careless, irresponsible, absurd comments like yours."

Ironically, because of an above-the-table payoff (for *Superstars*) rather than any under-the-table deals, Stones was barred from all amateur competition by the AAU and has begun to accept the fact that his high-jumping career is over. "I'm never going to jump again," Stones says. "I know it."

"Making money is common throughout amateur sport," says Stones. "Track is the most advanced because it's the easiest one in which to do it. Obviously, swimmers are in no position to hold anybody up, and gymnasts are the same. I'm sure there's a certain amount of hanky-panky going on in other sports, but not to the same extent as in track. Track is

in the same situation that tennis was in a dozen years ago, before it went open. You knew those guys were getting paid under the table."

It is Stones' contention that he suffered "a lot of emotional turmoil" in the early stages of his career, when he discovered there was money to be made from his sport. John Barnes, Stones' coach at Glendale High School and a 1952 Olympian who, says Stones, "is probably the man I respect most in the world," entertained no discussion on the morality of the situation. "He gave me the purist approach," says Stones. "He'd say, 'It's not right. You're an amateur.' And that was it."

However, Stones had friends who pointed out how much money could be made from world-class performances in the right meets, and having done his bit for soul-searching, Stones eventually sided with the pragmatists. "I thought, 'The hell with it,'" he says. "If everyone else was making money, I wasn't going to work and perform and draw people into a stadium and not get paid for it. That's all there was to it."

Like many another track man, Stones became a frequent traveler and learned that travel expenses were an easy source of quick revenue. For example, booked into two meets on the East Coast the same weekend or a week apart, Stones would receive expense money from both, getting first-class, round-trip fares from the West Coast to each competition—fares worth about \$1,100. One \$350 super-saver ticket, a modest hotel room (or a friend's apartment) and perhaps some train fare got Stones to both meets. Profit: \$750-\$1,000.

"I kind of rationalized my way through in those years," says Stones. "I was only making money on the air fare and getting very little in appearance fees, but as I began jumping better, I was more in demand and thus was offered more money. By the time I broke the world record five times indoors, it was all over."

After he began to jump in Europe, Stones says, "I never competed in any meet for nothing." He soon became an expert on evaluating his own worth against international exchange rates. "You could never take a check," says Stones, "and in some places where the money wasn't good outside the country—the Eastern Bloc nations and places like that—it was much better to work a ticket deal than take cash. In 1977—and

this was probably the best thing I ever pulled off—I had this ticket that would blow your mind." The excursion ticket took Stones to meets all over Europe, where he collected additional travel money. He says, "It got me from L.A. to New York to Frankfurt to Cologne to Munich, Athens, Munich, Oslo, Stockholm, Helsinki, Stockholm, Düsseldorf, Milan, Stockholm, Amsterdam and back to L.A. That ticket was worth close to \$2,000, but because the promoters of the meet were able to get it through a travel agency and got a kickback on it, they probably spent no more than they would have had to pay me, cash out of pocket, if their money was any good."

"Except for food," says Stones. "I think I spent only \$250 the first three weeks of that trip, and usually on a three-week tour, I'd spend \$2,500-\$3,000 just on air fares."

"In Italy, two things were known: Dwight Stones won't come cheap and he won't take any Italian money, because that stuff fluctuates like the weather. It was understood that I wouldn't set foot in the country unless I got marks, dollars or Swiss francs. That was it. And they never let me down, even though they could have. They could have said, 'Well, we're sorry. Here's 10 million lire. Go buy yourself a newspaper.'"

"Once you're over there in Europe," Stones adds, "the better you perform, the more they let you in on all their little secrets. I know a lot of stuff because I'm close to the meet directors. I go out to dinner with them after a meet when I've jumped well. They get a little hammered and tell you stuff that maybe they really don't want you to know. You find out who's dealing with you straight and who isn't, who you can hold up and who you can't. No one could intimidate me on appearance fees, because I knew what I was worth and what I brought in... and they knew that I knew."

It also became part of Stones' business policy to discount his market value from 10% to 20% in order to guarantee that whatever the quality of his performance, he would be invited back to the meet the next season.

"I'd take what I ultimately thought I could get for a one-shot appearance and reduce it to assure that no one would say, 'That's the last time he's in this meet. He holds me up for \$1,500 and jumps only 7' 3" for third place.' Rather than hold up a promoter for \$1,500, I might

go for \$1,200, so if I didn't do well the promoter would say, 'Well, he really didn't ask for what he is worth, it's no problem.' I wanted to perpetuate my longevity at certain meets. I've been to some of the same ones six or seven years in a row because I never wanted to turn my back on the people who helped me when I was young. But I can't blame other guys for not being loyal."

"We don't make a lot of money in this sport," Stones states, "and we work our tails off. You see Pete Rose, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Dave Parker, Jim Rice and these guys make \$600,000 to \$900,000 a year. Baseball players don't work near as hard as we do."

Shamateurism isn't new, of course, but Stones has brought into focus a particularly unsportsmanlike aspect—performance shaving. "I guess that's what these guys who wrote the rules had in mind—that money corrupts the sport," he says. "But I don't believe that entirely. If you're bringing people into an arena, you deserve more than just air fare, room and board. And out of my 10 world records, I did five of them for free."

Depending on one's moral viewpoint, Dwight Stones is a hardheaded realist who mastered the game as it is played, or a conniving crook who was destined to cheat himself out of the thing he does best. Since his suspension, Stones has jumped twice, including a cameo appearance in the movie *Golden Girl* in which he cleared seven feet with half a run. Superstars probably will be Stones' only athletic pursuit in the future.

Stones may be reconciled, but is not fully resigned, to his current status. "Within two, maybe three weeks I could be over 7' 5"," he says. "And in two months I could be jumping 7' 7". By the time of the AAU meet [in June], I'd be ready for another world record. The physical development I've gone through in training for Superstars has helped me. I've found a real carryover from the swimming."

"But I probably will go to the Olympics with NBC," Stones says, "because I think I can do a good job and because it will be the ultimate test of my cold-turkey withdrawal symptoms from track and field. If I can do it without totally breaking down, and I think I can, I'll go."

"And, of course, if the network and I can reach a mutually agreeable sum of money."

END

LANNY'S A TWO-TIME WINNER

Wadkins became the first golfer to take two tournaments in this bewildering year on the pro tour as he handled the many horrors of Sawgrass to win the TPC by five convincing strokes **by DAN JENKINS**



Wadkins' putter stayed hot, and even in the howling wind, he hushed but stiller

In the wind that turned Sawgrass into the usual garden of horrors last week, most of the touring golf pros sentenced to the Tournament Players Championship wished they had filed the same flight plans as the mallards who frequently refused to leave the fairways. Most of the pros—but not Lanny Wadkins. Wadkins seized the occasion to post a number that will stand long after Sawgrass has blown away.

At times, nothing seems to make much sense on the PGA Tour this year, not on the surface, at least. And Wadkins' astonishing 72-hole score of 283, five under par, on the wind-lashed, reptile-guarded, over-marshed, bumpy premises of Sawgrass was one more unlikely outcome to dazzle the mind of anyone familiar with the place.

The course was as confining and tortuous as it had been in the two previous TPCs held on this particular brink of the Atlantic Ocean near Jacksonville, Fla. And the wind was every bit as severe and unpredictable as it had been in the past, when no one, not even Jack Nicklaus last year, could shoot lower than one-over-par 289.

But here came Wadkins in one of those moods of his, the Wadkins who can hit his irons into the flags like nobody else, who is unafraid of challenges when he's keeping the drives in play, the Wadkins who loves a gamble, and even gets a little cocky when he's going good. It is interesting how Wadkins often picks the toughest courses to do a number on. He now becomes the first double winner of 1979, having captured the Los Angeles Open at Riviera, Sawgrass and Riviera. Not bad. But as you study his career, you find him doing it in other difficult places: Firestone in the World Series of Golf, Pebble Beach for the PGA Championship, Waverly Country Club in the U.S. Amateur—monsters all.

Wadkins' rounds at Sawgrass were a 67 on Thursday, the calm day, then a 68 on Friday when it began to swirl and gust, a 76 on Saturday when the average score of the field was 77, and his closing 72 on Sunday when the course was even tougher. Of his Friday 68 and his Sunday 72, Lanny said, "They were two of the best rounds of golf I've ever played in my life."

There have been 72-hole totals that

have startled both golfers and golf observers, some because they were so incredibly low, others because they were low under the conditions. Wadkins' 283 at Sawgrass will fall into the latter category, to be remembered with Ben Hogan's 276 on "old" Riviera in the 1948 U.S. Open, and with Tommy Bolt's 283 in the 1958 Open at Southern Hills.

"I've been playing a lot of golf and playing well," Wadkins said. "When you've got the driver under control, when your tempo is good, and when you get the putter going with confidence, you can shoot good scores. There wasn't anything I didn't think I could do, even when the wind blew."

Mainly what Wadkins did was avoid the double and triple bogeys that were crippling nearly everyone else. Even his bogeys were rare as he holed a seemingly endless string of three- and four-foot putts for pars, and then would drill a three-iron into the pin for the birdie that knocked down his pursuers and staggered Sawgrass itself.

The record is clear. Wadkins is not only the first to win two titles in 1979, he is one of a precious few who have yet to miss a cut. His winnings now total \$134,948 for the year, and he's going to keep on playing almost every week. Lanny Wadkins believes you have to truck while the wheels are rolling.

The tournament began with everyone waiting for the real Sawgrass to stand up. Thursday was a lovely calm day, and the small, oddly shaped greens had been watered. The wind was still out to sea. The players pounced on the course and got all they could from it while the getting was good. Kermit Zarley led with a record-tying 66. Behind him were Nicklaus, Wadkins and Andy North with 67s, and they were followed by 49 others with rounds below par.

Wadkins kept it up on Friday with his 68, which gave him a three-stroke lead over George Burns. The wind was starting to growl but not as it would on Saturday and Sunday, when the players would begin to discuss goofy golf, whacky golf, and ask where the dinosaurs were. Wadkins went those 18 holes without a bogey, and Burns made eight birdies while he was firing his own 66, but others were beginning to depart. Zarley found a 79, for example. Nicklaus' 73



Wadkins was the runner-up for the third time.

was more in character with what he had been doing in other events. One who maintained the pace was Lee Trevino, who added a 69 to his opening 70 and had to be taken seriously.

Then came the two days of doom. On Saturday young Jack Renner shot a 71, low for the day. He must have passed four thousand people. In actuality, he went from a tie for 18th into a tie for second, where he was joined by Trevino, Burns and Bill Kratzert, all of them still three shots behind Wadkins. Tom Watson might have been among them had he not played the last three holes in four over par, although he claimed he hit only one bad shot. The wind did the rest.

On Sunday morning it was perfectly obvious that the wind was going to blow

continued

at 25 miles per hour, with gusts up to 45 or 50. Anyone in the same neighborhood as Wadkins had a right to be hopeful about his chances: Sawgrass could grab anyone anywhere.

The whole tournament could have been in the last threesome, where Wadkins was grouped with Trevino and Burns. But the first nine quickly ended such a notion by erasing Burns and Trevino. Poor George went out in 46 blows, while Trevino posted a 41. They were on their unimpressive way to rounds of 83 and 79. At the same time, Wadkins was shooting a one-under 35 and taking a five-stroke lead on the field into the last nine holes. Kratzert had made an early move on him with birdies at the 2nd and 4th holes, but just as suddenly he was a goner. He tripled-bogeyed the 7th after the wind carried his drive into the trees.

Wadkins was running out of challengers. Somewhere during the last nine, Tom Watson got to two under par on his round and one under for the championship, at a point when Wadkins was one over for the day and four under. In other words, Watson was only three strokes back with five or six holes to play, and the wind was still trying to de-roof everything in its path.

But nothing was going to change. Wadkins was having another one of those weeks. When the wind was easier to deal with in the first two rounds, he was freezing the ball to the flags. When the wind came up, he played the game like billiards, running the table clear of opponents and putting like a man in a trance.

The result was that improbable score and another of the finishes that have made the 1979 tour so difficult to assess. Consider the surprising victories of Mark McCumber at Doral, Bob Byman at Bay Hill, Larry Nelson at Inverrary and Fuzzy Zoeller at San Diego—all of them previous non-winners. McCumber was a particular hallucination, for his win followed six consecutive weeks of missing cuts and failing even to qualify on Mondays.

That McCumber and the others could manage to win must have been a reflection on something. What was it? The stars were lazy? Not trying? Waiting for the TPC or the Masters? Too rich? The answer is that all of these things are partly true; they always are. And the rest of the explanation is that it hasn't been all that strange a year when one considers that other tournaments have been captured by Wadkins, Hubert Green (Hawaii), Ben

Crenshaw (Phoenix), John Mahaffey (the Hope), Bruce Lietzke (Tucson), and Lon Hinkle (the Crosby). Names that made sense, including Hinkle's.

And there were other non-winning stars who had hardly been invisible. Watson had finished second twice, and Trevino had been a serious contender twice. So had Hale Irwin, who fired a 62 at Inverrary. Actually, aside from Nicklaus, the only missing person was Tom Weiskopf, who had been known to disappear before, even when he wasn't hunting elk or sheep.

For several years now, the game's leading talents have been using the winter tour as a preparation ground for the Masters and the big-money events of the summer. They always like to win, of course, but they didn't want to play too well too soon. Nicklaus may have overdone that particular philosophy this year. Coming into Sawgrass he had played in four tournaments and his best finish had been a tie for 11th in the Hope. But Watson figured that he, at least, was right on schedule.

"I can't wait for Augusta," said Tom, who may have been speaking for a whole elite group of crowd-pleasers.

In his own summation of the season, Weiskopf used up a good joke—a very good one for him. Sitting in the sun in front of the Sawgrass clubhouse one afternoon, Tom laughed and said, "McCumber could be suspended for giving false hope to a hundred guys who can't play."

There is usually a lot of joking at Sawgrass. After the players have tired of griping about the swamp and the elements, they begin laughing at themselves and the shots they are forced to try to bring off. Their hoard scores become decorations of honor, like dueling scars. They all become Allen Miller trudging up the 18th fairway on the last day of the tournament with a white towel tied to a club, waving it in surrender.

In the locker room on Saturday afternoon, the early finishers whooped and howled at the TV screen as it presented Nicklaus and the others chin-deep in the weeds, with the wind making their hair look as if it were going to be torn from their scalps any second. As Jack worked on his 82, Dave Hill and Fred Martin ripped out the title page of a magazine story—*How I Learned to Play Smart Golf*, by Andy Bean—and taped it to the front of Nicklaus' locker. Before Nick-

continued



Nicklaus negotiated this hazard but had other troubles as he finished with rounds of 82 and 78

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laus came in, Hall felt guilty about the cruelty of the joke and took it down. He simply handed it to Jack instead. Whereupon Nicklaus taped it to the locker himself. And proudly announced that he had taken only 26 puts for his 82.

Somebody did some math. Wadkins was shooting 76 on Saturday and not losing a single shot to the field. No one could remember if such a thing had happened before, not since Harry Vardon.

"What's unusual about it?" Green said, grinning. "Isn't 76 one under here?"

Wind or not, this area of north Florida is going to be the permanent home of the Tournament Players Championship. Commissioner Deane Beman spent part of his time last week taking people on a trip through some woods. The land was only across the highway from Sawgrass, but the contrast was startling: with its towering pines, palms and corks rising out of a marsh, it could have been two thousand miles away. This is where the Tournament Players Club will be, and this is where the tournament itself will be played beginning in 1981.

Beman found the land and sold the players on the idea of having their own course, a home for their championship and a headquarters for the office of the PGA Tour. Work has already begun on a par-72 layout designed by Pete Dye, the architect who has created some of the more brilliant new courses of the past few years. There are several good golf designers, Jack Nicklaus among them, but none is better than Pete Dye, and few are as creative. On paper, it appears that Dye has sketched a masterpiece of variety and scenery encircling the clubhouse, jutting occasionally into the open marsh and wind and then crawling back into the tunnels of gnarled forest where the ocean breeze will be temporarily bruised before it lashes into the cashmeres.

Sawgrass and the wind have served their purposes. They attracted attention to the TPC. In a year and a half it will be up to the new course to continue the story. No doubt it will. There is a rare combination of age, charm and uniqueness about the area. What can be wrong with the players having their home and their own tournament somewhere between the Fountain of Youth in St. Augustine and Donald Ross' Ponte Vedra? It is a place where both the country and the tour had some beginnings. One thing is sure: the players will be happy just to get off Sawgrass.

END

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GOOD SHOW BY GOODELL

UCLA's Brian Goodell proved in the NCAA meet that he is again the top American male swimmer, and California's foreign legion won its first title

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

If there was any mystery about the identity of this country's leading male swimmer, UCLA's Brian Goodell certainly helped clear it up last week at the NCAA championships. A year ago Goodell joined Mark Spitz and John Naber as the only freshmen to win three races at the same NCAA meet, and he won the identical events again this time, easily outdistancing all challengers in Cleveland State University's pool. Goodell also proved beyond doubt that his physical problems of last summer were not serious and that he is once again the same dependable young man who did so well in the 1976 Olympics.

Until last summer, Goodell had an aura of invincibility about him, of relentlessness, although, deceptively, he looked and acted like the kid next door. At 17, Goodell won the 400-meter and 1,500-meter freestyles at Montreal, and he continued to dominate distance swimming in 1977 before starring in last year's NAAs. Then last summer at The Woodlands, Texas, he faltered in the AAU na-

tionals and didn't make the 45-member U.S. team for the world championships in West Berlin. He was suffering from a strep throat, but his failure at the AAUs was shocking just the same. Brian Goodell, Olympic champion, simply wasn't supposed to lose.

All of which pressed on his mind in Cleveland, along with certain other matters. For instance, it was finals week back at UCLA, and Goodell and several Bruin teammates were scheduled to take a three-hour exam in Math 1B in their hotel practically on the eve of the NCAA meet. So there was Goodell poring over a slender volume called *A Primer for Calculus*. "I sure don't feel like studying math," he said. An assistant coach from UCLA proctored the examination, and Goodell was happy when it was over. Emerging from the room after the test, he said with a relieved air, "It wasn't too hard. I think I did O.K."

That freed Goodell for his well-plotted heroics at the NAAs. On his return to UCLA after his big disappointment last

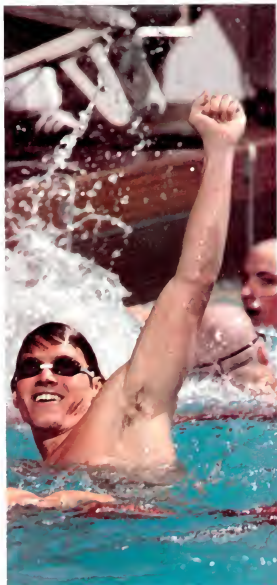
summer, he found a new weight room, a new crop of freshmen and a new coach, Ron Ballatore, George Haines having quit to return to club coaching. Goodell swam spectacularly during the Bruins' dual-meet season, lowering his collegiate record for 1,000 yards by 9.15 seconds (to 8:52.45) in a win over Texas and also leading the Bruins to victories over defending NCAA champion Tennessee and perennial power Southern Cal. "I came back to school recharged and ready to go and I still feel that way," Goodell said last week. "There are a lot of good swimmers in this meet, but if I'm feeling good I don't think anybody will be close to me."

Before it was over, the NCAA meet produced eight American or U.S. open records, but Goodell missed his own record of 4:16.40 in the 500-yard freestyle, the meet's opening event, which he won in 4:16.43. Still, when Goodell hit the wall, his closest pursuer, Harvard's Bobby Hackett, was a gaping six yards behind. The next night Goodell got a record, pulling away from University of California freshman Jim Johnson to win the 400 individual medley in 3:50.80, breaking Jesse Vassallo's 3:51.69. On Saturday night he went after his own American record of 14:54.54 in the 1,650 freestyle and surged into an early and growing lead. As he moved into the final 150 yards, the crowd rose and roared for a new record. Goodell got one by a hair-breadth, touching in 14:54.13.

Despite his steady, strong performances, Goodell was generally disappointed in his times. In the 1,650, for example, he had hoped to break 14:50 but, as he explained, "I got out front and kind of lost concentration during the middle of the race." He added, "I think I can go faster than that."

In two weeks Goodell will be competing in the AAU short-course nationals in Los Angeles, where eager high school swimmers will be challenging him and other collegians for spots on the U.S. team at this summer's Pan-American Games. Beyond that, barely a year away, loom the 1980 Olympics, where Goodell hopes to defend his 400 and 1,500 titles and also, perhaps, to enter the 200 freestyle and the 800 freestyle relay. He is sure to be a marked man every watery inch of the way.

Goodell also was disappointed, as were his teammates, by the way the race for the NCAA team title went. UCLA



had hoped to win its first championship, but Goodell received less support than expected and the Bruins finished fifth in a hot race among six teams from the Pac 10 and the Southeastern Conference. California also was looking for its first NCAA team title and got it, winning seven of 16 events to outscore runner-up Southern California 287 to 227. Florida was third, followed by Tennessee, UCLA and Auburn.

Cal's victory was a triumph for its coach, Nort Thornton, who took over in 1974 after a successful career at Foothill Junior College in Los Altos Hills, Calif. The Golden Bears hadn't even scored in the just-completed NCAA meet, but Thornton pulled off an early coup by landing Peter Rocca, a solid backstroker from nearby Orinda, Calif., who wound up winning two silver medals behind John Naber at Montreal. Thornton says that otherwise he didn't have much luck competing against USC and UCLA for homegrown talent, so he began recruiting foreign athletes.

Rocca, now a senior, helped Cal reach the top of the collegiate heap last week by winning the 200 backstroke, while Swedish import Par Arvidsson took both the 100 and 200 butterfly. But Cal's big gun was Canadian Olympian Graham Smith, who swam at the Pac 10 meet three weeks ago in a bushy beard and ponytail and didn't make the finals in any event. Last week he applied shears and razor ("I'll have to reintroduce myself to my professors") and matched Goodell triumph for triumph to win three races, too, including an American-record 54.91 in the 100 breaststroke. And he contributed a strong breaststroke leg to a winning 400 medley relay team that finished in 3:15.22, also a record.

Smith is a muscular fellow with a tiny maple leaf tattooed on his rippling chest. "When I came to Berkeley the first time, my grandmother pleaded with me not to become Americanized," he explains. "I got myself tattooed in her honor, to symbolize that I'm proud to be Canadian." Smith is apparently an influential young man. Following his example, two other Canadians swimming for U.S. schools—Southern Cal's George Nagy and Florida's Bill Sawchuk—recently had maple-leaf tattoos applied to their bodies. One of Smith's teammates, American Jeff

continued

That Goodell got missing since last summer, returned after his three victories in Cleveland

Freeman, has also gotten tattoo fever. "I wanted to show that I'm as crazy as Graham," he says, thereby explaining why he had the inscription *USA SWIMMING* tattooed on his shoulder.

Somehow a tattoo would seem all wrong on all-American boy Brian Goodell, the personification of discipline and hard work. A product of the powerful Mission Viejo Nadadores, Goodell progressed in the sport thanks in no small measure to grueling workouts he eagerly performed in what Coach Mark Schubert calls the "animal lane." So loath was Goodell to waste time in workouts that when some teammates began engaging in horseplay in Schubert's absence, he left the pool in disgust.

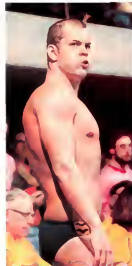
Goodell is still an ardent worker. "He has had workouts just like anybody else," says Tony Bartle, a UCLA teammate who is also Goodell's fraternity brother in Sigma Alpha Epsilon. "But when he hits a good workout, he can wind up with some incredible times in practice." Bartle is also impressed by Goodell's powers of concentration. "Brian lives in the fraternity, and sometimes I don't know how he can do it and still swim," Bartle says. "I don't live in the house because I couldn't handle it. I'd fool around too much and be bothered by all the noise. But Brian is able to ignore a lot of things and study or go to bed when he should.

He also budgets his time very well."

By Goodell's own reckoning, however, he suffered a lapse in self-discipline when he came to UCLA in the fall of 1977, a lapse that he feels contributed to his woes last summer. "I was living in the dormitory then and it was my first time away from home," he says. "I went kind of crazy from all the freedom. I ran around, got sick and missed a lot of time in the water. It caught up with me at the nationals. I don't think the strep throat would have bothered me so much except for the way I'd trained in the fall. I didn't have enough background."

Whatever the exact explanation for his failure to qualify for the world championships, Goodell says the experience taught him a lesson. "I now realize I should never take anything for granted. I'd been telling everybody I was going to Berlin. I wrote a friend in West Germany and told her that I'd be there. I made a fool of myself. When I didn't make the team, I had to write and tell her. It was awful."

In West Berlin the 400 and 1,500 were won by the Soviet Union's Vladimir Salnikov, who came perilously close to Goodell's world records. Today Goodell says, "I'm glad he didn't break my records. But I'm also glad that he came so close. I needed the challenge of having somebody I had to beat. In a way, it might



Canadian Graham Smith was a golden Bear.

have been good if he'd got my records."

Last December Salnikov and five other Soviet swimmers trained for two weeks at Mission Viejo, and Goodell, home for Christmas, worked out alongside his rival for several days. The Soviets and their Mission Viejo hosts also took part in a meet at UCLA, where Goodell beat Salnikov in the 1,650. It was Salnikov's first stab at the event, but Goodell says, "Anytime I can beat him I consider it to my advantage."

He obviously feels the same way about Bobby Hackett, who has lost many times to Goodell, the 1,500 at Montreal, in which Hackett settled for the silver medal, being the most notable example. Until now Hackett has tended to play rabbit while Goodell has swum at what coaches call a "negative-split" pace, meaning that he covered the second half of races faster than the first, overtaking Hackett at the end. In Cleveland, during a morning preliminary heat in the 500 freestyle, public-address announcer Guy Barnicoat, whose children are teammates of Goodell's at Mission Viejo during the summer, took note of this by referring to Goodell as "the greatest negative-split swimmer in the world."

That angered Harvard Coach Joe Bernal, who rushed up to Barnicoat and accused him of a pro-Goodell bias. "Why



Swedish import Par Arvidsson cast a wide butterfly net for the team champions from Berkeley.

don't you just say he's going to win to-night?" Bernal asked sarcastically, referring to the evening final in which Goodell and Hackett were to meet.

"Because I don't know if he's going to," answered Barnicoat.

What makes this exchange particularly ludicrous is that it is getting harder to call Goodell a negative-split swimmer. He will turn 20 next week, and at 5' 10" and 160 pounds, two inches taller and 15 pounds heavier than he was at Montreal, he has become stronger, faster and more inclined to take charge in a race. "I'm able to go out harder now and still come back strong," Goodell says. "I'm getting closer to even splits." Sure enough, in the final of the 500, Goodell went out hard against Hackett, turned inches ahead of him at both 100 and 200 yards, then pulled away to win—a new tactic but a familiar result.

It is Goodell's improving speed that has emboldened him to consider adding the 200 freestyle to his Olympic program. His potential at the distance was evident in Cleveland when, leading off UCLA's 800-yard freestyle relay, he went up against Tennessee's Andy Coan, who earlier that evening had set an American record of 1:35.62 in the 200 freestyle and later in the meet would also establish one in the 100. Goodell had swum shortly before, too, and no final conclusions can be drawn from the confrontation between two tired men. Still, it seems at least noteworthy that Goodell easily outswam the Tennessean on his leg, touching in an impressive 1:35.93.

But can Goodell realistically hope to swim the 200, 400 and 1,500 at Moscow? The fact is that nobody has ever swept those three events at the Olympics, and while Tim Shaw did so at the 1975 world championships, he was the first to admit that there was no logical way to train for all three events simultaneously. Goodell believes otherwise, that it is possible. Still, in view of the lesson he learned last summer, he is not talking about dazzling Moscow. But that didn't stop a friend from saying so, right? "Brian can do it," Bartle added. "There's no doubt about it." Goodell smiled slyly, the way any kid next door might. **SWIM**



Cal's exuberant swimmers cluster on the scoring scaffold to salute the school's unprecedented feat



You remember Gene Conley. Tall guy, played two sports. In the 1950s and early '60s he was a baseball pitcher for the Red Sox, Phillies and Braves and a basketball center for the Celtics and Knicks.

And he was a corker, you may recall, on the field and off. In 1958, when a Los Angeles paper screamed the headline *BRAVES UNK GIRL IN BILL AIR POOL*, Conley was one of the dunkers. Today he swears it was Frank Torre—not he—who threw the young lady into the pool, but he gives you his boyish grin when he says that, and you know he wasn't entirely innocent.

It's a warm grin, impossible not to like, because it radiates homespun geniality and suggests harmless mischief. It's always there, too. Conley has pulled himself through an eventful life with it. He grinned himself through the winter of 1952-53, his rookie season with the Celtics, blithely signing autographs "Easy Ed Macauley." Conley and Macauley looked a lot alike. By the end of the season, all the kids outside of Boston—and many of those in Boston—thought that the rookie from Washington State was Easy Ed and that Macauley, one of the Celtics' stars, was somebody else. Why did Conley do that? Just for fun. Ask him about it, and through his possum grin he'll drawl, "Aw, I just wanted to help ol' Ed out."

Macauley didn't think it was too much help, but Conley loved it. Country fun—putting people over a barrel without really injuring them—is one of the things that make Conley tick.

You may remember that grin if you read the sports pages during the years Conley played. The photos usually showed him wearing it and they also usually showed him looking down. Of course, he didn't have much choice about looking down. It was the only way he could see anybody.

Baseball writers always called Conley "the towering righthander" and said he was 6' 8". They mentioned his height every time they wrote about him, usually putting it in before they got around to telling the first thing about what Conley did on the field.

They can't be blamed, really. After all,

a 6' 8" pitcher is a rarity, and Conley's height was a handy gimmick for the writers. The 6' 8" business was a shame, though, for a couple of reasons. First of all, it wasn't true. Conley wasn't, and isn't, 6' 8"; he hasn't been since his high school days in Oklahoma. He is 6' 9". He'll admit that today, but he kept studiously mum about the inaccuracy during his playing days. Why? Aw, he just thought it was kind of fun the way everybody got it wrong.

This constant preoccupation with his height also tended to obscure the larger

DOUBLING HIS PLEASURE

story—that Conley was a remarkable athlete, a huge man with coordination, who could outjump almost everybody in the NBA in his time. There were occasions when he, not Bill Russell, jumped center for the Celtics.

Conley isn't remembered much for that or for any one thing. He is mostly remembered for two things—his twin careers. And they are certainly worth remembering. He is the only man since Jim Thorpe to have had real success in two major pro sports. He played 17 big league seasons, packing them into 11 years, and not so long ago, either. He last played pro basketball and major league baseball in 1963. And yet today we almost cannot imagine someone doing what he did. A few others—Dave DeBusschere, for example, who pitched in 36 games for the White Sox; Ron Reed of the Phillies, who played two seasons with the Pistons—have made brief appearances in a pro sport other than the one for which they are famous, but none of them had a truly dual career, as Conley did.

It's a hard thing to do. Assuming one has enough athletic ability to make it to the big time in more than one sport, there

Gene Conley always was a rare bird, flying from the NBA to a pitcher's mound with the greatest of ease and usually with more than a few laughs

by MICHAEL HILTON

continued

is still no guarantee he can handle the switching from one to the other. In a matter of a couple of weeks each year, Conley moved effortlessly from an indoor game on a hard court with soft shoes and a big hollow ball to an outdoor game on soft ground with hard spiked shoes and a small dense ball. In the 1961 baseball season, he pitched a 6-1 victory for the Red Sox only 14 days after playing in the NBA championship game with the Celtics. He had no spring training, nothing but a few workouts in Florida with Boston's farm clubs. What kind of man does it take to pull that off? Ask Conley, and he'll say, "Aw, you've got to be a sports rat."

Conley was precisely that: a compulsive player who loved to hustle and had the kind of clear, buoyant mind that gets cooler as the competition gets hotter. He loved to win. He also loved being a winner after he had won, which is quite a different thing. But more than all that, he just loved to play.

He performed well for championship teams—the Triple A Toledo Mud Hens and the Braves and the Celtics. When he could no longer perform at that level, he played for losers—the Phillies and the young Knicks. And when he couldn't hack it in the majors, he kept pumping in the minors. Now he plays golf, when his wasted right arm will let him. "Winning little golf tournaments is the best thrill of my life, because golf isn't really my game at all," he says, shaking his head slowly from side to side to show how much golf really isn't his game.

One wonders how a game couldn't be his. Most often, people who have "a game," sometimes even people who devote their lives to "their game," never make it to the big time. But Conley succeeded in two games, and both at once. Strangely enough, Conley didn't set out to be a double major-leaguer. There wasn't a day long ago in Muskogee when young Conley, carrying a basketball and wearing a baseball glove, ducked through the doorway into the kitchen, looked down at his mother and dramatically said, "Mom, I'm going off to the city to be the first two-sport man since Jim Thorpe."



She didn't hug him around the knees and shed a tear, because it didn't happen that way. In fact, in the spring of 1954, when Conley was just starting out with the Braves, he would have been more than content to be just a baseball pitcher. After seeing him win the Minor League Player of the Year Award two years in a row, first at Hartford and then at Toledo—his record was 43-18 in those two seasons—the Milwaukee Braves offered him a shot at the big club and a

bonus for not playing basketball. Good enough. He had played in 39 games for the Celtics that winter, and he would miss basketball, but he had the Braves over a barrel, didn't he, what with their paying him not to play hoops? He grinned the Celtics goodbye and headed for baseball's big leagues.

He made it in fine style. In 1954 he was third in the voting for National League Rookie of the Year. Wally Moon and Ernie Banks beat him out, but Hen-



The 6' 9" Conley confessed to only 6' 8", but it didn't matter. He was a pretty imposing sight when he went into his windup.

ry Aaron had to settle for fourth. He beat the mighty Dodgers five straight that year, going the distance every time, and pitched in the All-Star Game. We was 14-9 for the season, with a 2.96 ERA.

The next year, 1955, he was the sensation of the All-Star Game in Milwaukee, coming on in the 12th inning to strike out the side—Al Kaline, Mickey Vernon and Al Rosen—and get credit for the victory. You should see his boyish grin in the photograph taken afterward in

the joyous National League locker room.

Neither the American League batters he fanned nor many others knew that Conley performed the feat with a right arm full of cortisone. The drug was the price Conley was paying for maintaining his reputation as a Dodger killer. In a 10-day period in May, he and Carl Erskine had engaged in a pair of extra-inning pitching duels. According to the record

books, Erskine won the first one, in Brooklyn; Conley took the second, played in Milwaukee. In reality, they both were big losers. Erskine's career began to decline after that, and four years later he was out of the majors at the age of 33. Later he told Conley that his arm was never the same after those two epic duels.

And Conley? A month later, facing the Phillies in Milwaukee, he found himself in a jam that might mean the game, and he needed to blow a pitch past Shortstop Granny Hamner. Conley reached all the way back to get everything he could on a drop curve, and something popped loudly in his shoulder. Del Crandall, the Braves' catcher, could hear it from behind the plate. He rushed to the mound, as did the Milwaukee trainer, but Conley said he could continue. He did, for one more inning, in which he gave up several hits and was removed from the game. It was his fourth loss of the season; he had eight wins.

Obviously he was hurt. The Braves sent him to a doctor and cortisone came into his life. For a while it helped him do things such as strike out the side in the All-Star Game and keep his spot in the rotation, alongside Warren Spahn, Lou Burdette and Bob Buhl, on the budding Milwaukee superteam. But the damage was deep, and cortisone was not a cure. Conley was babying his arm, grooving pitches to avoid the pain of putting extra zip on the ball. In August he was sent home.

The arm was still bad through spring training in 1956. When the Braves went North, Conley was left at camp for treatment and didn't join the club until May. Through that season and the following one he didn't say much about his arm, but his pitching slipped. The Braves' farm system was loaded in those years, and there were a lot of promising young pitchers. In 1958, the second of the Braves' consecutive pennant years, Conley went 0-6 and had only seven starts. Before the next season he was thrown into a deal with the Phillies.

That winter the two-sport star was born. Conley didn't know if he could make it with Philadelphia—and he had

continued

a wife and three children to support. Besides, he just couldn't stop playing. Not this soon.

How about basketball? After all, he was still 6' 9", no matter what the papers said. He had made the Celtics once, why couldn't he do it again? He was young and strapping, it was only his arm that was hurting. He called up Coach Red Auerbach and asked for a chance with Boston.

"What do you weigh, Gene?" said Auerbach, assuming from the course of Conley's pitching career that he must be out of shape.

"Why, 225. Red, same as always," said Conley.

"Well, I just wanted to know," Auerbach said in a businesslike tone. "We've got a different offense since you've been here—we're running all the time now—and you've got to want to hustle to play it."

That was all Conley wanted to hear. Hustle was the name of his game. He

was on the next plane to Boston from Milwaukee, where he lived, even though Auerbach would only agree to fork out for a one-way ticket. "I'll pay your way up here for a tryout," he said, "but not a nickel if you have to go back."

Conley made the Celtics' championship team of 1958-59; he played an average of slightly more than a quarter in the 50 games in which he appeared, averaging 4.2 points per game. He made the Phillies, too, with cortisone pulsing through his arm. He did surprisingly well for Philadelphia that year, making 22 starts and going 12-7 for a lavi-place club. He even wound up pitching in the second All-Star Game and managed to strike out Ted Williams.

But 15 games later in Philadelphia, a wild pitch from the Cubs' Glen Hobbie smashed the fingers on Conley's right hand as he held up his bat to protect his head. Trainer Frank Wiechec froze the hand with ethyl chloride and Conley walked to first base. Despite the swelling, he went six more innings and finished the game. "It was one of the greatest feints I've ever seen," said Wiechec after learning that a bone had been fractured. Conley, grinning his small-boy grin, said, "I got away with murder." The Phillies won 4-1.

In 1960 Bob Carpenter, the Phillies' owner, thought Conley would be a better player if he gave up his basketball career. Conley said he would agree to do so for a \$22,500 contract. Carpenter offered \$20,000. Conley said no deal. "I would be stupid to take that," he thought. "Everybody in the league knows I'm a dead duck if the cortisone shot doesn't hit the right place. And I can play basketball four or five more seasons easy, at 10 grand a year." At the end of the season Carpenter traded him to the Red Sox.

Conley didn't much care. He didn't feel like staying with the Phillies anyway. Maybe he could be a winner for the Red Sox. If not, well then, he was a valuable member of the Celtics—in the 1959-60 and 1960-61 seasons, he appeared in virtually all their games as a backup for Russell and as a reserve forward—and they were winning championships. "I may be just as well off," he reasoned. "Winning and partying with

the champs. Letting the whole world go by. That wouldn't be too bad."

That kind of thinking didn't take into account how much the Red Sox would need Conley. They were a struggling club; Williams left in 1960, and there was a lack of spirit. There was a lack of talent, too, 1961 being an American League expansion year. Bill Monbouquette was expected to be the ace of the staff. Young Earl Wilson, who was shipped back to the minors, and old Ike Delock were supposed to be the other mainstays. So Conley, who could never turn off his hustle, found himself starting 30 games—and winning 11—for the Red Sox during the season. In 1962, he was 15 and 14.

To top it all off, he was picked up by the Knicks in September 1962. They were a weak club, and that meant he would be expected to be more than a fill-in. Those extended championship seasons had been bad enough, but playing about 24 minutes a game, game after game, as he did during the 1962-63 season when he averaged a career high of 9.0 points... well, he didn't know.

It was fun, a player's dream, in a way—but it hurt. This was the big leagues, not the sandlots or the playgrounds, and little things were noticed and taken advantage of. Wouldn't the day come when the American League batters found out that his arm was shot and that he was pooped? Wouldn't the Knicks find out that it killed him to shoot his hook and that he was jumping over more frantically to compensate for it?

The world may still have been taken in by the boyish grin and the fierce competitiveness, but Conley knew he couldn't keep it up forever. He had a feeling something would happen that would bring it all to a close. Then, in June 1962, came the famous Jerusalem incident. Most fans regarded it as yet another gambol, another BRAVES OR A GIRL IN BEL AIR FROM ESCAPE, but to Conley it was the signal he had been waiting for that the end of his career was near.

As the '62 All-Star break neared, Conley was pitching well, with a 9-and-9 record for the woeful Red Sox. He took it unto his head that he could be selected for the All-Star team—and thereby become one of the few men to pitch for both leagues in the game—if only he could beat the Yankees for his 10th victory. After all, New York had won the



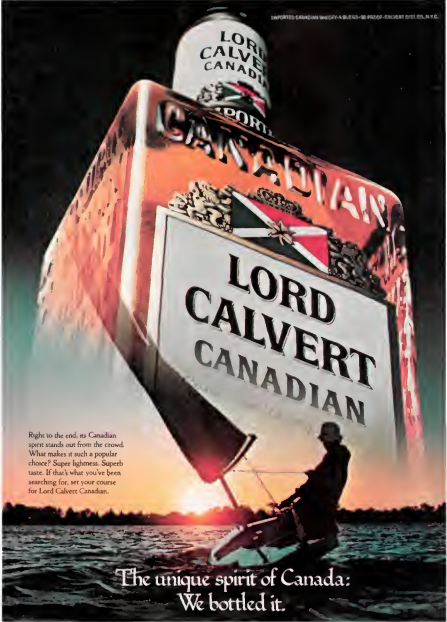
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pennant the year before, and Ralph Houk, its manager, would select the American League staff.

But it was not to be. Conley lasted only until the third inning, and the Yankees won 13-3. In the clubhouse, the fatigue and frustration hit him hard. It had been multiple seasons after multiple seasons, and Conley was 31 years old and beginning to feel a weariness he had never encountered. In those six long innings alone in the dressing room, he drank beer. He was an experienced drinker by this time, having learned that it sometimes camouflaged tiredness and blunted frustration. Sometimes. But not this time. Instead of becoming more mellow about his fate, he became even more anxious about his future.

At last the game was over, and the Red Sox were leaving town for the airport. The bus stalled in the middle of a titanic traffic jam in stifling New York heat. Spying a bar, Conley got off, pleading that he had to go to the men's room. He took Pumpie Green along for company: a questionable choice, because Green, a utility infielder, was another happy-go-lucky soul whose career was going badly. He had been the token black on the Red Sox for three seasons, and he wasn't playing much.

Out of the bus, this pair stepped into the freedom of the New York streets. It was true about the rest room, but it was more true that Conley just had to get off. And in the back of his mind lurked the idea that the drinking might be good in New York for the next few days. Conditions looked right for it. After all, the team wouldn't need him. The Red Sox were going to Washington for a three-game series, and he wasn't scheduled to pitch there. Then there would be the All-Star break, and he certainly wouldn't be scheduled to pitch then, not after what had just happened in Yankee Stadium. The schedule was shaping up nicely for a binge.

Here for the taking were five full days of escape, five days on the loose with a good companion in one of the world's greatest drinking cities. Not even his family would question where he was. It was tailor-made.

Once inside the bar, Conley said to Green, "Pumps, you know that bus won't be in the next block by the next hour. Let's have a drink while we're here." It

was an innocent enough thing to say, and it was rational, too, considering the traffic. But really it was madness, because Conley was already steeling himself for that terrifying, triumphant moment when he would step out the door of the bar and see that the congestion had dissolved and the bus was long gone.

It would take a lot of steel. Conley knew, and so he started Green and himself off with heavy Scotchies. As soon as Green had a couple, Conley turned his boyish grin on full force and said, "Pumps, they ain't gonna play you in Washington anyway, you know it!" The binge was on.

In the evening of the next day, Conley was on his way to Jerusalem. He was at Idlewild Airport trying to buy a ticket for Israel. He was alone now. Green, having sickened and dropped out earlier in the day when he began understanding that Conley was not exactly doing this just for fun.

Indeed he wasn't. He was doing it from desperation. It was the weird reflex action of a great body reacting against strain, stress, pain, frustration and fatigue. Conley was fighting weariness with the hopeless tactic of an immense burst of energy.

He was on his way to Jerusalem, he said, to meet God. He never got there, because he didn't have a passport and the airlines wouldn't let him buy a ticket without one. That caused the great burst of energy to lose its fire, to die. He went home to Massachusetts, so tired he could barely get there.

The public, which was kept well informed of the incident by the New York and Boston papers, loved it. It is still regarded as one of the truly funny baseball stories—at least by those who didn't consider how it hurt the man.

Aside from a \$1,500 fine—a huge levy in 1962—the acute embarrassment suffered by his family and the drain on his energies, the Jerusalem incident boxed Conley into a trap with the Red Sox. The club demanded nothing more than the \$1,500 and a vow of temperance he wasn't sure he could keep, but Conley felt so remorseful about the incident that he was determined to pitch even harder. He went on to log a total of 241 innings that year, more than any other pitcher

on the beleaguered Boston staff, he ended up with that 15-14 record in 33 starts with the eighth-place club.

It blew his arm to bits. Today, at age 48, Conley may have to undergo surgery just to ease the pain enough to permit him to play golf. Cortisone doesn't work anymore. He had only nine starts the next year, his earned run average went from 3.95 to 6.64 and he was 3-4. The next spring he was placed on waivers. He went to the Class A Carolina League, where he pitched five innings in two games for the Burlington Indians.

The merry-go-round was grinding down. The Knicks dropped him after '63, claiming they were clearing the way for youth. There were a couple of years, 1965-66 and 1966-67, of minor league basketball with Hartford in the Eastern League; then the ride was over. Conley took it hard. He thought he would never be able to grin again if there wasn't any playing to be done.

He was wrong about that. He grins better today than he ever did and, in a way, it all goes back to the aborted trip to Jerusalem. What Conley wanted of God that day was what any man in his pickle would have wanted. He hoped God would fix his arm. Conley now says it's a good thing God didn't do that. A good arm would have only meant more years of pitching, of jumping, of switching sports, of neglecting his family and of drinking so much that one day he would have stepped off some bus and gone dark like a picture tube when the TV set is turned off.

Conley believes God interceded for him at the airport to save his life, not just his arm. Maybe he's right, because he joined the Seventh Day Adventist church in 1967, meeting God, he says, "not in Jerusalem but in Massachusetts, that little old state. Ain't that strange?"

One thing is dead sure: he loves the new life he believes God has given him. He's in good shape and, except for his right arm, in good health. He's still able to jump high in the air to catch a Frisbee. He doesn't drink anymore, and he owns a successful packaging-supply business in Foxboro. He sees a lot of his family and he sees a lot of Red Sox games at Fenway Park. And if he has to have an operation, well, he'll just grin and hope he'll soon be back on the golf course and do a little playing, too.

END

The main problem with going rodeoing in the pickup was that there were five of us and nobody wanted to ride in the bed, especially in cold weather.

This was back awhile, back when me and four other worthless cowboys were running the roads all over the Southwest, getting it on down the road from one rodeo to another. I guess it was the pickup that brought us together in the first place. The pickup belonged to Player's daddy, but his daddy would only let him use it ever so often. The rest of us were afoot, which is a damned inconvenient way to go rodeoing. We mostly had to beg or buy rides from other cowboys who

might be going to the same rodeo. But we still ended up at a lot of rodeos we didn't want to be at, or riding the bus or hitchhiking. And that was a handicap, given our ability, that none of us needed. It is hard enough to contest the bulls and broncs for a living without throwing in the problem of transportation.

I had known Player from a previous season and it was at a rodeo in Crockett, Texas, that we evolved the idea of hooking up with three or four other cowboys, throwing our luck and gear in together and buying the pickup from Player's dad. I knew J.B., who, as hard as it is to admit, was the best rodeo hand of all of us.

He was also an all-round good type and a wonderful fellow. Which is about the worst thing you can say about somebody in rodeo, but in J.B.'s case it wasn't near enough.

And Player knew Jack and Billy Jack and they wanted to come in with us. They both rodeoed about on a par with the rest of us, though Billy Jack was a pretty bad to average bareback rider. They gave us one problem right at the start. They were both named Jack and both wanted to be called that. But of course that wouldn't work, so we cut cards to see which one of them was going to change and the one we called Billy Jack lost. He

continued

The five of them were cowboys that year. They weren't making any money, and plenty of times it hurt a lot, but not much more at that than riding in Player's daddy's pickup **by GILES TIPPETTE**

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sulked for a few weeks, wouldn't answer when he was called, but he finally got over it.

Player was about the best man I've ever known, then or since, though he sure didn't look like much. He was a scrawny, dried-up fellow with sandy hair and freckles and had a half cynical sort of grin on his face all the time. He wasn't even much of a rodeo hand, though he did better in the saddle-bronc than in any of the other events. In spite of that he was just naturally the leader, and it didn't have anything to do with the pick-up having been his daddy's. Player was his nickname. He got it from the pitch games we used to have in the clown's trailer before the rodeo. Player seldom lost—in fact, I bet he won more money playing pitch than he did rodeoing—and one time somebody watching said, "Boy, he's a player, ain't he?"

In my own case I was too tall to rodeo the bucking events because I had trouble spurring saddle broncs and bareback horses in the neck. I was a pretty fair bull rider, but I was scared to death of bulls and generally had only half my mind on the ride. The other half was calculating how quick I could get to the fence after I bucked off. Which ain't the best way to ride bulls successfully.

We were all pretty young for that kind of a life. J.B. was the oldest, being 20. I think Player, Jack and Billy Jack were 19. I was 18 and three years too young for my age.

We were rodeoing on the partnership, pooling our expenses and our winnings and splitting them up share and share alike. If, as was often the case, we didn't have the money for everybody to enter all three bucking events, we'd use what we had to get whoever was best in a particular event up in that one and hope to win enough money to make it on down the road to the next rodeo.

We were all RCA cowboys, which meant we either had a Rodeo Cowboys Association card or a permit. The RCA (it's now the PRCA, the P standing for Professional) was the governing organization for professional rodeo, though at its best it was still a pretty loose operation. But the RCA sponsored all the big shows, the rodeos with added money that put up the best purses. Being members of the RCA, we could compete in these shows. The drawback was that we couldn't legally compete in those little

independent rodeos generally held in small towns over some holiday like Labor Day or the Fourth of July. If the RCA caught you in these local shows, they'd either fine you or suspend you for a time. What was worse was getting caught by the local cowboys if you entered one. Not being RCA cowboys they could only compete around home, and they resented us professionals coming in and trying to win their local money. What they'd do, if they caught you, was beat the hell out of you and everybody with you.

But the problem for us was that we weren't good enough to compete and win money at the big rodeos. Our style was to find out where the good cowboys were heading and go the other way. We were still a good deal better than the locals, and working the little rodeos was an important source of income. Naturally we got caught fairly often. It was one of these situations, when Jack and Billy Jack got the hell beat out of them, that caused us to invent the double-barreled pickup and resulted in us stealing a bench out of the bus station in Amarillo, Texas.

What happened was that Billy Jack got recognized by another cowboy as being RCA at a little rodeo in Hull, Daisetta. Jack had the misfortune to be with Billy Jack at the time, and about eight of those old country boys got the two of them behind the chute and commenced to throb their knobs. Me and Player had taken a count and decided there was no point in us getting mixed up in it. So we had got ourselves good seats on the fence where we could see the fight, what there was of it. J.B., being the wonderful human being he was, had gone and sat in the pick-up. I didn't blame him for not getting in the fight, but I did think he could at least have had the decency to watch. But that was J.B., never a thought for his friends



When we finally got away that night there was a cold wind blowing. Jack and Billy Jack were riding in the bed, where we'd put them after the locals had got through with them. After they came to and all the way until our first stop they were hollering and banging on the rear window, which made it hard for us in the cab to hear the radio. Then when we stopped for gas they went to whining and moaning about the cold wind. They were considerably lacerated about the head and face and they complained that the wind made their cuts burn even worse. It didn't sound like that big of a deal to me and Player, but the upshot was they insisted on riding in the cab, and riding five in a pickup cab, especially if the other four are unwashed and smelly, ain't any bed of roses.

Well, we decided we had to do something. We'd had trouble the whole time about who was going to ride in the bed and who in the cab. At first we'd decided the fair thing was for the three high money winners at each rodeo to ride in the cab, but that hadn't worked. There were times when nobody won anything and other times when there'd be four tied for second place with a grand total of zero. That kind of a situation brought

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DOWN THE ROAD (continued)

on nothing but squabbles, a commodity we were already overstocked on.

So there was nothing for it but to make some changes. Right after the next rodeo we left the circuit and went to Temple, where Player's parents lived, and got hold of a cutting torch and cut the rear third out of the cab and moved it back about three feet. Then we took some sheet metal and welded it in the open space and ended up with a long cab body big enough for two seats. Of course they have that kind of pickup now, but our innovation may have been the first of its kind. We called it a double-barreled pickup, and it was probably the ugliest vehicle I've ever seen on the road. Naturally we didn't bother to paint the sheet iron we'd patched it with. We were in too big of a hurry to get back to rodeoing, so as soon as we'd made it we thought we threw our rigging bags in the bed and took off.

All the other hands on the circuit thought the double-barreled pickup was about the funniest thing they'd ever seen. We'd come skidding up to an arena, running late as usual, and everybody around the chutes would start laughing. But the pickup ran good. It was only about five or six years old at the time and very dependable. I think it would have gotten good gas mileage if we hadn't forever been driving 85 and 90 miles an hour. We'd bought it from Player's daddy for \$900 and we sent him a money order every week for \$25 from wherever we were. We were pretty determined about keeping up those payments, and more than once we shorted ourselves on grub to get that money in. I guess we were that way because Player's daddy was a fine man and we didn't want him to find out just what a bunch of worthless no-goods his son was running with.

Once, at a rodeo in Brownwood, we were really down on it. We'd spent our last cent to get to the show and hadn't a one of us won a nickel by the time we got to the bull riding, which is the last event. J.B. and Billy Jack and me were all in the bulls, but both of them had already bucked off, which left it up to me.

You'd of thought it was the World Series the way those other four gathered around my chute and began having a prayer meeting with my heart. They were giving me more help getting down on that bull than I could just about stand. Of course, they all knew I was scared of

bulls. You don't hide something like that in rodeo.

They were all up on the boards behind the chute. Jack and Billy Jack were helping me get down, J.B. was saying, "Shoot, this ain't no bull. Anybody could ride this animal." Player was quietly pulling my bull rope and giving me advice about how much rope to take. You ride a bull with what they call a bull rope that goes around his middle with a bell on the bottom. You never actually tie it off, but rather take several wraps around your hand in such a fashion that when you buck off it comes loose and you won't get hung up and get your arm yanked out of the socket.

But of course that happens anyway.

You tighten your bull rope around the bull's chest depending on how strong you think he is. A bull's muscles swell an uncommon amount when he explodes out of the chute and he'll snap that rope right away from you if you take too tight a pull.

I'd got down on him, feeling all that power between my legs, looking at his ears, which were about the size of quart bottles, worrying that I was going to get killed. He'd throw his head back every once in a while, giving me a malicious look and slinging strings of slobber at me. I'd already been told about this bull. He was bad to ride and bad to fight. He was a spenning bull, which meant he'd come out of the chute, turn back to the left, and go into a tight spin. Most non-rodeo people don't know that bucking stock will do just about the same thing every time they come out of the chute. For this reason you can generally go around and ask about the particular animal you've drawn and there is sure to be some cowboy who's had him before and knows what he'll do.

This particular bull was a money bull. On a ride, half the score is based on what the contestant does, the other half on how well the animal bucks, and this one I'd drawn was a good one. If I could put a ride on him I'd be sure to place in the money. For that matter, I didn't have to make much of a ride. This rodeo featured a particularly good string of bucking bulls, and just about all I had to do was hang on for eight seconds and we'd make some cash.

But I was scared. "This bull is bad to fight!" I said.

J.B. said, "Huh? He don't scare me."

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And Player said, "Naw, he ain't. Don't even think about that. This is a gentle bull. Like a rocking chair."

"Don't tell me that! I've asked six cowboys, and all six say he is bad to fight."

"Now, listen," Player said, "we are flat broke and the payment on the pickup is due. If you don't put a ride on this bull we're going to have to call Raymond [he called his daddy Raymond] and tell him we can't make the payment. And we're going up there in a week for Thanksgiving. How'd you feel about that?"

Then the stock contractor was there, tapping the chute gate with his hotshot and asking me if I was ready. I cocked my toes up to get my spurs lower so I could get them under the barrel of the bull, tugged my hat tighter, tensed up, and said, "Outside." The chute gate opened and that bull exploded and, oh, was he strong. Sure enough, he took about two jumps into the arena, cut back and started spinning. He would have lost me if I hadn't been prepared for that cut-

back. As it was, he nearly got me when he started into his spin. The way you ride a spinning bull is to really get down and deep with the spur that's to the inside of the spin. If you lose that one you're gone. You don't ride a hull with the strength of your arm. Nobody's that strong. You ride him with your spurs and with balance.

I didn't remember much about the spin. About halfway through I sort of blacked out. When I came to I was about half off his side on the inside of the spin, just barely hanging on. The buzzer sounded at about the time my hand got out and I went tumbling in the dust. As it turned out there was only two bulls got rode that night and mine was one of them. I got second money, which allowed us to pay the pickup note and get on down the road to the next rodeo.

We didn't solve our seating problem with the double-barreled pickup straight off. True, we'd created three feet more space behind the front seat, but the ac-

commodations didn't suit the parties involved. We had first tried putting two camp stools back there, but what with the way we drove, the people sitting on them were constantly being upset and thrown around until they got pretty badly bruised up. Billy Jack complained that he was getting hurt worse going to the rodeo than he was in it.

Well, we knew we had to do something, but we didn't know what. A regular back seat out of a car wouldn't fit there, nor would the two lawn chairs that we'd borrowed out of a front yard in Sun Suba. If the mother of invention is necessity, then I suppose it was that mother that caused us to steal the bench out of the Greyhound bus station in Amarillo.

We didn't go to Amarillo to deliberately steal a bench. We had gone there for an RCA rodeo, a happenstance that came about because we couldn't find any independent rodeos to poach on. Naturally we didn't win a cent. But a Texas

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**Sports
Illustrated**
IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF

DOWN THE ROAD continued

beer company was putting on a rodeo promotion and they had free beer and hot dogs for all the contestants after the show. That solved the problem of supper and the night's entertainment.

But it was good and late when we pulled away from the rodeo arena heading for Breckenridge. We had to go through town on the way out. Jack and Billy Jack were in the back on the camp stools, having a good deal more trouble staying mounted than usual because of the cargo of beer they'd taken on. Player was driving and J.B. was sitting in the middle acting like he was one of the grown-ups. We stopped at a light and I happened to glance over at the bus station, which was on the corner. I could see right into the lobby and in that instant the mother of invention saved her head. I told Player to back up to the curb.

"What for?" he asked me.

"I got an idea," I said. "Just do it."

We parked and I outlined what I had in mind. Everybody turned around and craned their necks to see into the lobby. It was deserted. We could make out a ticket agent and a real ugly girl behind the lunch counter and what appeared to be an old, old Indian sitting against a fur wall.

Player was enthusiastic about the idea. Jack and Billy Jack less so because it was taking them so long to understand what we were going to do. J.B. just folded his arms and flatly declared he'd have nothing to do with it. He said, "I ain't stealing no property from the Greyhound Bus Company. You never heard of them interstate laws? It's a Federal offense is what it is. I would just as soon steal from the Mrs. Baird's Bread Company."

But we didn't need him anyway. We explained to Jack and Billy Jack what they were supposed to do and then Player and I went on in the bus station. It was as deserted as it had looked from outside, just the ticket agent, the girl and the old Indian against the wall. Player headed for the ticket agent and I went to the lunch counter. Our objective was to maintain as much eye contact with our targets as we could in order to keep them from noticing what was happening with one of the bus company's benches. Player handled the ticket agent by giving him for a route to some unorthodox place like Glendive, Montana, and I concentrated on this

remarkably ugly girl. She had pimples and thick glasses and an overbite, but I went up and sat down on a stool and ordered a cup of coffee and told her I thought I was in love.

Meanwhile, behind us Billy Jack and Jack had come in and each had taken an end of the bench and they were busy carrying it out the door. Out of the corner of my eye I could follow their progress by the old Indian. As they went toward the door his head slowly turned to follow them, his face expressionless. When they were clear he returned his head to its original position and resumed staring into space.

Player then told the ticket agent he'd changed his mind, that he was going to head instead of Glendive, and I told the girl I'd just remembered I was married and we got the hell out of there.

The bench was just a fit. It was one of those lightweight chrome and leatherette jobs rigged out to handle two people. It slid in behind the front seat like it was designed for the job. We went to Breckenridge and stopped off there at a little welding shop and for a dollar we had the legs spot-welded to the floor. After that we were rigged out as well as anyone could want.

Not that it helped our rodeoing any. We finished out the season about as bad as we'd started.

I don't know why any of us rodeoed. Certainly it wasn't the money. We could have made more clerking part-time in a grocery store. And it wasn't the fame or the glamour, because none of us ever run up on such a thing. That was for a very few stars who actually knew what they were doing when they got down on a head of bucking stock.

But there were compensations. One of the most attractive was the shiny brights. Shiny brights were especially good-looking girls who hung around the rodeos and who liked tight jeans and rodeo cowboys. That was one of the few elements that gave the life an occasional pleasant quality. To make it with the shiny brights you didn't have to be smart or rich or good-looking. About all you had to do was say, "I drew me a good bronc in the second go-round and I might be sitting tall for day money."

That kind of talk. Worked every time. But, all in all, it wasn't a comfortable life. We didn't eat in many restaurants.

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Mostly we bought our food in grocery stores, making out with Vienna sausage and bologna and crackers and cheese and apples. It wasn't the best diet, but we were all young and strong and I doubt if the bubonic plague would have slowed us down much.

We had about the same situation on accommodations. We'd find the cheapest motel we could and one of us would go in and rent a single. Then about an hour later the rest of us would come slipping in. At night we'd take the mattress off the box spring and three of us would sleep crosswise on the mattress and two crosswise on the box springs. Or we did until I got a sleeping bag. After that I found me a quiet corner and slept on the floor.

Naturally we were always getting discovered and thrown out. And if the management wasn't smart enough to figure out what we were doing, J.B. would sometimes help them. Once we were in this motel in Wichita Falls, four of us in there without paying, and J.B. went down to the office and complained to the clerk that there weren't enough towels.

In the final analysis, I guess we were rodeo cowboys because we liked the feeling. Maybe it was nothing more than the fact that we could wear big hats and put our pants legs in our boots if we wanted to and nobody was going to mistake us for Rexall Rangers.

Still, it was a dangerous life. You got

hurt a little bit every time you came out of the chutes, even if you didn't get in what we called a wreck. Riding bucking bareback horses may be the worst for a sustained type of injury. In that event, your rigging is a wide leather band that cinches upon the horse's chest with a thing a little like a surcouse handle to hang onto with one hand. The problem is the position you have to assume to make a successful ride. Just as you call for the gate, you tense your riding arm and lean almost all the way back on the horse, bringing your legs up so you can mark him in the shoulders as you pass the judges. The position you're in, you tend to go backward when he surges out of the gate and forward when the horse sucks back on you, which they are very prone to do. This tends to tear up the elbow in your riding arm as well as the hand itself. And the spurring is rough on the knees. If you'll notice carefully at your next rodeo, you'll note that most contestants in the bareback event wear some sort of support on either one or both knees.

Of course, bulls are the ultimate danger. They are so big and strong that they can just brush up against you and send you tumbling. The horns of rodeo bulls are blunt, but that doesn't make much difference. If they get a solid shot at your chest they're going to break ribs, and a broken rib through the lungs

is not much different from a goring. It's very easy to tell when it's time for the bull-riding event, even without benefit of the announcer. If you listen closely you'll discover how quiet it gets behind the chute. You'll also hear an occasional prayer.

When we went rodeoing the next season, things weren't quite the same. J.B., that wonderful human being, was starting to win consistently and that put a certain strain on the relationship all around. Since we were still splitting expenses and winnings, J.B. developed the habit, after a couple of rodeos in which he'd done better than the rest of us, of saying, ominously, "I ain't naming no names, but they's a few sonofabitches riding in this pickup ain't carrying their share of the load."

Even Billy Jack developed a style of saddle-bronc riding that was moving him a class ahead of the rest of us. That pretty well broke up the partnership. We'd got the pickup paid for, so Player borrowed some money from Raymond and bought the other three out. Me and Player tried it a while longer, but we found ourselves splitting zero a little too often to make traveling expenses. Finally we just kind of slid off on our own.

As for the double-barreled pickup, the last I heard, it had quit rodeoing also and gone on to hauling hay back on Raymond's farm.

END



Poor little rich girl, '79

Chris Evert and Tracy Austin got the honesses' share of the spotlight at the Avon finals in the Garden. All Martina Navratilova did was play better and earn more

Martina Navratilova's burden, it seems, is to struggle for appreciation. Last week, at the Avon championships in Madison Square Garden, before a limousine crowd that included the glittering people and every expense account from Wall Street to Madison Avenue, Navratilova played the sort of powerful tennis that has dominated the first quarter of the season, but wound up sharing

billing with Chris Evert's wedding trousseau and Tracy Austin's latest shoe size. Once again Martina walked off with the prize money instead of the headlines, this time \$100,000.

The championships concluded the 11-week Avon series and served to emphasize that when she is right, as she was winning 6-3, 3-6, 6-2 in the finals against Austin on Sunday, the 22-year-

old Czech is devastating. Her twisting service at the beginning of the match had Austin as helpless as a butterfly pinned against cardboard.

Austin tried to keep the ball on Martina's backhand, which does not have the sting of her superb forehand, but it was a delaying tactic at best. Winning a set from her was an accomplishment; no one else did it last week, and Navratilova has lost only six others this season while taking five titles, 36 of 39 matches and \$271,500 in cash.

Those statistics suggest invincibility, and the largest tennis crowd in the history of the women's game, a gathering of 13,752, turned out to see if Little Miss Placid, the 16-year-old Austin, could dent Navratilova. Except for brief moments, especially when rushed backhand approach shots scattered off her racket, Martina was in command, winning the first eight points of the match. She needed only 26 minutes to take the first set.

In effect Austin won the second set when she fired a backhand winner off a return of Navratilova's serve in the fourth game. It was the only break of a set in which Navratilova spent much of her time analyzing her ailing backhand. Instead of discarding the shot, she figured out that she was rushing it, and after giving away five break points in the second game of the third set, many off the backhand side, she settled down.

Austin's performance during the tournament suggested that her game is growing along with her body, a subject of acute interest; the press all but weighed her daily. But against Navratilova she committed a key mistake in the fourth game of the last set when she sailed a forehand wide to fall behind 3-1. From there, Navratilova went to work like someone who punches a time clock and who takes pride in her labor. "I'm tired of talking about who's No. 1," she said afterward with a shrug. "I've won more tournaments and twice as much money, and people say it doesn't really count because Chris is getting married. In my mind I'm No. 1, and I know that if I keep playing the way I am now, nobody can take it away from me."

continued



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During most of the week, the tournament buzzed over the debacle suffered by Evert, who lost round-robin matches to Austin and Diane Fromholtz and gave the institution of marriage all kinds of sinister publicity. The back-to-back defeats were a first for Evert, indicating that she could not concentrate simultaneously on backhands and wedding invitations. She will marry British Davis Cup player John Lloyd on April 17.

Evert tired of the chatter, and after losing to Fromholtz Friday night, she declined to be interviewed, incurring an automatic fine from the tournament sponsors and the wrath of a New York press corps eager for gossip. Evert issued a statement accusing the press of not being "sensitive enough to my personal situation" and warned against premature talk of the weakening of reigns. Come summer—and nuptial bliss—she predicted she would be as much a threat as ever.

Little more than a year ago Evert ruled over tennis so completely that, bored, she took a four-month sabbatical. After returning she never really captured her former spirit, although she won the U.S. Open last fall. Now 24, she already has lost six matches this season—the number she might lose in a normal year—including first-time defeats by Sue Barker and Greer Stevens. Barker had failed to beat her in 15 previous matches. More important, since rejoining the tour Evert is 4-4 with Navratilova. Aside from the question of marriage, the reasons given for this state of affairs are that the rest of the women have improved, while Evert's weak points, her serve and net game, are about the same.

At any rate, the room at the top may be getting crowded, a feeling engendered by Austin during her dramatic victory over Evert on Thursday. While Tracy is a bit young to think seriously about marriage, her childhood is over. No longer is she the little girl in pigtails and pinafores. She's sweet 16, and a killer.

Last week, while the crowd looked on numbly, Austin whipped Evert 6-3, 6-1, winning 10 straight games at one splendid stretch and along the way casting Evert in the unfamiliar role of underdog. The bruised champion wound up exasperated, pained and searching for answers to a doleful performance that included 52 unforced errors.

The excuse of the impending marriage appeared a trifle too handy, since it ig-

nored the fact that Evert had twice broken Austin's service and raced to a 3-0 lead to start the match. Evert looked very good, but in the stands Robert Landsdorp, Austin's coach, was not worried. Landsdorp and Tracy's mother Jeanne travel with their protégée, and the coach could see that Evert was meeting a different opponent from the one beaten easily in their previous matches. Now, every time Evert punished a ground stroke, crowding Austin on the baseline, the ball came right back with something on it besides hope.

Amazingly, Austin is a prodigy who keeps skipping grades. She won her first three tournaments after turning professional, including the Avon final at Washington, where she defeated Navratilova in straight sets. But Evert still was an unanswered question, the last top player she had yet to beat. In their past matches, the 1977 Wimbledon, the Family Circle Cup and the U.S. Open last year, Evert was able to overpower her younger, smaller rival, although Austin continued to grow stronger, first winning two, then four, and finally six games.

Austin now wears gold earrings, a diamond-encrusted pendant and fingernail polish, and she is grown-up in other ways. She stands 5' 4" and weighs 110 pounds; as the match against Evert progressed, even her shoulders seemed to widen. The players' groundstrokes appeared identical in power, so in the end it came down to who most wanted, and needed, to win. Evert was willing, but not nearly as much so as Austin. Chris tried everything—taking pace off the ball, hitting drop shots, coming to the net—and finally wound up trying too much. The stat sheet called them unforced errors, but Austin had a lot to do with it. "I still think I'm a better player than she is," Evert maintained afterward.

Evert sensed that the Austin match would not be the last of her tribulations. "I have a feeling that I'm going to have a few more losses than I've had in the past," she said. The next night she ran into Fromholtz, who kept hammering nubs into the backhand corner for an easy 6-2, 6-3 victory. Evert managed only three break points against Fromholtz's twisting, left-handed serve. In the second set, with the crowd imploring her to come back, Evert held serve to close to 3-2, but Fromholtz played a love game and ran out the match.

Navratilova, meanwhile, cruised on through to the semifinals on Saturday, whipping Greer Stevens and Virginia Wade in straight sets as her visiting 84-year-old Czechoslovakian grandmother, Andela Subertova, beamed in the stands. Handling her opponents proved an easy task, but a New York City cabdriver was more difficult. He raced off with two of her rackets Friday when she stopped at a grocery store. Someone asked if the thief might have been a Czech souvenir hunter. Impossible, answered Navratilova, "Czechs don't steal."

Equipped with new rackets flown in from her Dallas home, Navratilova played Sue Barker in the semis as if she had a meter of her own running and a plane to catch. She needed only 19 minutes to win the first set, 6-1, and took the second 6-3.

Austin had made 20 trips to New York City by the time she was 14, so she was not going to be fleeced by anyone, least of all a cabdriver, and judging from the improvement in her tennis game, it is going to be increasingly difficult to get the best of her on the court. Against Wendy Turnbull, in the tournament's opening round, she lost the first set, then "guts it out" to win the next two. In her semifinal match with Fromholtz, Austin fell behind 5-2, saved six set points, one of them with a luckily blocked volley, and went on to win 7-5, 6-2, leaving her opponent to puzzle about what happened to that frail little girl in braces and pinafores.

Just how much better Austin is going to get is a matter for argument. A tennis player her age once said, "Too long a tennis career can ruin a girl and harden her. Tennis isn't the most important thing in my life." That was Chris Evert.

Another comment from the past sheds light on the journey ahead for Tracy Austin. "It's a terrific feeling being No. 4 and going up. You want to play them all, and you're loose. But she no longer belongs to herself; Chris Evert belongs to the public now." That was Billie Jean King talking about an emerging 16-year-old challenger to her supremacy.

Last week it was evident that Tracy Austin already belongs to the public—and that it would take some time and doing for Chris Evert to recapture its loudest plaudits. In the meantime, Martina Navratilova, almost unnoticed, just keeps right on winning, and winning, and winning.

RWD

And so the Monarchs now rule

Old Dominion threw a pressing defense at Louisiana Tech to win the AIAW title

Nancy Lieberman, the best woman college basketball player in the country, was perched on the balcony outside her fourth-floor motel room in Greensboro, N.C., her legs dangling through an iron railing. The semifinal round of the national championship was only 24 hours away, but the 5' 10" redhead from Far Rockaway, N.Y. was oblivious to anything at that moment, except the fun of being Nancy Lieberman of Virginia's Old Dominion University.

On the balcony to Lieberman's right a reporter was attempting to conduct an interview with her. On the balcony to her left, Holly Warlick, the University of Tennessee's speedy guard, known to Lieberman as "Hollywood," was serving as straight man. Below, around the pool, assorted players from the AIAW's final four—Old Dominion, Louisiana Tech, Tennessee and UCLA—were her audience. "Hey, Hollywood," Lieberman bellowed. "I've got Casper locked in my room still after the game." Casper, so named "because she's so white," is Denise Curry, UCLA's All-America forward. UCLA, the defending champion, was to be Old Dominion's opponent in the semifinal at the Greensboro Coliseum the next night.

In fact, Curry could have been locked in a room for all the good she was able to do in that game. Old Dominion took control of the boards in the first half, and UCLA could not get its running game going. Then, with a 25-point lead in the second half, the Monarchs fell asleep for a while, but still they were able to hang on for an 87-82 victory.

In the other semifinal, Louisiana Tech, the tournament's dark-horse team—it had started the season ranked 18th and in January was still only 14th—roared past Tennessee 102-84. Tech's 6' 5" center, Elinor Griffin, a junior, hit 17 of 21 shots, and the Lady Techsters' overall field-goal percentage was an amazing 71. Tennessee's coach, former Olympian Pat Head, said, "I've never seen a team shoot

like that for 40 minutes." The trouble was, no team can shoot like that for 80 minutes, and in order to beat Lieberman and Co., Louisiana Tech would have had to do just that.

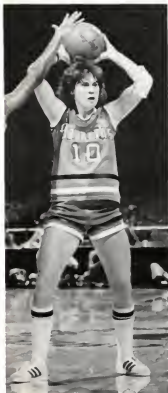
The first half of the final game was slow-paced, and both teams seemed stiff. Lieberman's passes were as flashy as ever, but on some of them she seemed to be trying to throw the ball through her teammates, rather than to them. For one, Inge Nissen, Old Dominion's 6' 5" center, had trouble holding onto the ball. Tech's Griffin, with 14 points, clearly had the upper hand in the duel of the big centers. At the half Louisiana Tech led 32-27, which was certainly no hint of what was to come.

Much as she had been on the motel balcony, Lieberman was in full charge in the second half. Running, pointing, scowling, stealing, jumping, passing and chewing her gum with authority, she commanded the Monarch comeback. As Lieberman picked up the pace of play, Nissen took control under the basket, and Griffin was held to only two points in the final half for a total of 16 to Nissen's game-high 22. Lieberman, who had taken only three shots from the field in the first half, hit for 12 points in the second and totaled 20. Still, Louisiana Tech might have been able to change the course of events if it had been able to deal with the pressing defense that Old Dominion began applying. The Techsters acted as if they had never seen a press before, and gradually the unrelenting pressure broke down Tech's pose. Their shooting percentage fell to a dismal 37.1%. Even previously imperturbable freshman Guard Angela Turner wilted. Nevertheless, she was high for Tech with 18 points.

The final was a very physical game as women's basketball goes, and at the bottom of the pile under the basket, usually clutching the ball with both arms, was either the Monarchs' feisty forward, Rhonda (Polack) Rompola, or Lieberman. Appropriately, it was Lieberman who scored the last basket of the game. With the final score 75-65 and the net draped around her neck, she shook hands

continued

Nancy Lieberman was the playmaker who guided Old Dominion to its first national championship



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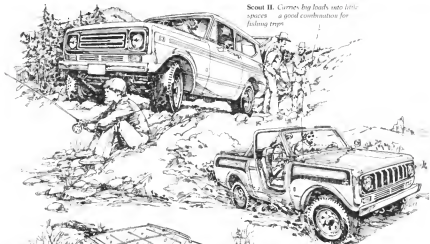
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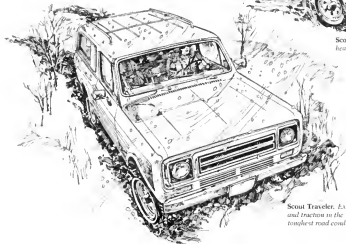
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with Nissen. Nissen then leaned over, stooped and kissed Lieberman on the cheek, and finally they both bowed stiffly and comically from the waist.

UCLA's Billie Moore, who coached Lieberman when she was 18 and the youngest member of the silver-medal-winning team at the Montreal Olympics, once said, "If you picked four people out of a crowd, Nancy Lieberman would make them look good on the basketball court." In spite of such assessments, however, there are many who think that Nissen, a willowy Dane, is the secret of Old Dominion's success this year. It was Nissen, not Lieberman, who was missing with an ankle injury when the Monarchs lost to South Carolina 73-49 in January, their only loss of the season. "Inge worked very hard last summer to be able to dominate the games," says Old Dominion's 24-year-old coach, Marianne Stanley.

Nissen demurs. "Nancy is No. 1 on the team; I've learned how to deal with being No. 2. She deserves the headlines;

she can do it all. But one person cannot win a ball game. She has learned that."

Obviously, both Lieberman and Nissen are indispensable, and together they may be unbeatable, which is just what Lieberman had in mind when in the spring of 1976 she literally recruited Nissen. Lieberman was in Europe, trying to decide whether and where to go to college. Thinking she might play abroad for a while, she visited the Clermont University Club in Clermont-Ferrand, France, the best club team in Europe, and there she met the 21-year-old Dane. "I told Inge if she'd promise to come to the U.S. and go to Old Dominion, I'd go there, too," says Lieberman.

After a turbulent freshman year, during which Lieberman averaged 20.9 points a game but managed to alienate much of Tidewater Virginia with her mouth, and after Coach Parsons left ODU, things settled down. Lieberman began to grow up, and the on-court combination of the flashy redhead at forward and the cool Dane at center began to

work. "We've always had individual talent, but last year we used it individually," said Lieberman. "Now we're working as a unit."

The battle in the final game between the two big centers, Nissen and Griffin, may not have decided once and for all which is the best, but it did serve to point up the absurdity of the Kodak All-America team that was announced on the day before the final, a team that excluded both. From the top two teams in the country only Lieberman was picked. Sonja Hogg, head coach at Louisiana Tech, had her say at the press conference called to announce the team. "You don't get to the finals of the national championships and not have any All-Americans. I'm not a super-coach. The players make the coach."

Fortunately, both Nissen and Griffin have another chance. So does Lieberman, who must have sent chills down a few backs when she burbled, "And just think. We've got all five starters coming back next year!"

END

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It was all right for Muhammad Ali to predict not only victories but also the round in which he would stop an opponent. Boxing is one thing, thoroughbred racing is another. The talk in this sport among the owners and trainers—at least in public—is usually very polite, very reserved, very genteel. Boasting is about as welcome as a shattered sesamoid.

So a lot of racing people are going to have to adjust to Grover (Buddy) Delp, who, among other things, has said this year, "Only an act of God can beat Spectacular Bid" and "I think he's the best horse who's ever looked through a bridle."

Delp, that paragon's trainer, also passes out buttons that say **FLIP YOUR LID WITH SPECTACULAR BID**. Last Saturday, before and after the \$149,000 Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah, the button business was brisk.

So was Spectacular Bid. He won the Flamingo—his ninth consecutive stakes victory—by the whopping margin of a dozen lengths and returned a miserly win mutual of \$2.10. No horse had ever won a Flamingo by such a wide gap, nor had one ever returned so little on a \$2 investment. Citation and Seattle Slew, for example, paid \$2.40 when they won the Flamingo en route to winning Triple Crowns. It is rare to see a horse toy with his field the way Spectacular Bid did in the Flamingo, pulling away from seven opponents with one big run down the backstretch. When Bid got to the lead, he just seemed to go swoosh, and the Hialeah crowd began applauding him long before he even reached the top of the stretch. Nevertheless, according to Delp, the Flamingo was probably only the third-best race of the colt's stunning career.

"I didn't think any horse in the field could give Bid a challenge," Delp said following the race, "so I didn't work him hard and I don't think the race took anything out of him." Indeed, the Flamingo, one of the major races in a classic colt's life, turned out to be little more than a public workout witnessed by 23,157 people.

In the pink for Kentucky

Derby favorite Spectacular Bid bade Florida adieu after a smash Flamingo

"I thought the Laurel Futurity and the Champagne Stakes last fall were his two best races, and I still think so," said Delp. "I didn't see anything in the Flamingo—and I don't see anything on the horizon—that can beat him. Bid is just a great racehorse. Now we'll take our act to Kentucky and get ready for the Derby. He'll run in the Bluegrass and then move on to Churchill Downs. I have no idea how many horses will try him in the Der-

by. I wouldn't think too many would bother to make the trip after what he did here."

Perhaps the most interesting thing about the 1979 Flamingo was the performance of Spectacular Bid's rider, 19-year-old Ron Franklin. In the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park in early March, Franklin made enough mistakes for a dozen jockeys and was scolded furiously by Delp. Spectacular Bid still won, but Franklin was very close to being taken off Bid in favor of another rider. Owners Harry, Teresa and Tom Meyerhoff decided to stick with Franklin "because he fits the horse."

In the Flamingo, Franklin fit Spectacular Bid about as well as one could want. The colt broke from the outside post position, went four horses wide around the first turn and took the lead after half a mile. Before reaching the top of the stretch, Franklin hit Bid twice and then tapped the horse four more times through the stretch run. Like many horses, Spectacular Bid tends to loaf a little when not being seriously challenged, and after the fiasco in the Florida Derby, Frank-

continued



Franklin relished the Flamingo, as did Trainer Delp, who didn't yell at his young jockey this time.



Franklin said he went to the whip in the stretch just to keep Spectacular Bid aware of business.

him was not about to take any chances.

Franklin is still an inexperienced jockey, a kid who arrived at the stable gate at Pimlico three years ago looking for work as a hot-walker. He had never been on a horse and had only rarely gone to the racetrack. "Ain't never seen a Kentucky Derby," he says, "but I saw three Preaknesses, I saw Secretariat, Seattle Slew and Affirmed. I know that Bid is better than those horses and all of 'em won the Triple Crown."

The day that Franklin arrived at the track just happened to be one of those days when Buddy Delp needed a hand. Franklin walked hots and mucked stalls and didn't even get on a horse for his first eight months with the big (68 horses) Delp operation. He finally rode a couple of horses during morning workouts, and then he spent four months learning to become a rider at the Middleburg (Va.) Training Center. The first time Delp put Franklin on a mount in a race the horse won.

Delp went through a great deal of anguish when the subject of taking Franklin off Spectacular Bid came up. While the Meyerhoffs pondered, Delp told Franklin to drive slowly home from Miami to Maryland. "Ronnie," he said, "just get in that car and don't think about this

thing. Even if you love Bid you will still ride for me. I've still got a lot of horses and you're a young man."

Franklin returned to Miami after taking a few days off. Entering the Flamingo, he had not had a winner since the Florida Derby. One of his mounts was involved in a foul at Hialeah last week, resulting in a five-day suspension beginning on March 26.

"In the time before the Flamingo," Franklin says, "I tried hard not to think about what happened in the Florida Derby. I tried to keep that entire thing out of my head. Sometimes it wasn't easy to do. One of the problems Bid had in the Florida Derby was leaving the starting gate. The horse bumped into the side of the gate, and I almost got thrown off. There was an assistant starter in the gate, and Bid don't like nobody grabbing hold of him around his head. He'll bite your arm off. In the Flamingo, Mr. Delp and I talked about not having anybody hold the horse, and Mr. Delp told the starter that we didn't want any help in the gate. And, boy, Bid didn't need any help whatsoever. He broke faster and straighter because he didn't have a man in the gate. I'm not going to have a man in the gate anymore."

Spectacular Bid's presence in the

walking ring drew a crowd, some of it to shout words of derision at the young rider, some to offer encouragement. "Hang on Ronnie," one fan hollered, "it's a piece of cake." Others applauded as Delp hoisted him aboard.

Delp and Franklin had made three complete trips around the walking ring before Franklin was put up on Bid, the trainer talking to the young rider, often putting his arm around Ron's shoulder. It was obvious that Delp was trying to keep Franklin's mind occupied so the boy wouldn't hear the catcalls. "The only instruction I gave Ronnie," Delp said, "was to keep the horse out of trouble. I told him, 'If he wants to strut, let him strut his stuff. Don't be afraid to let him roll.'"

Of Bid's seven opponents, only Sir Ivor Agun had won a stakes race but he was also the only horse to run back at Bid in the Flamingo, having finished fifth in the Florida Derby; on Saturday he would finish third. The improving starter in the Flamingo appeared to be Greenree Stable's Strike The Main, a roan-colored son of The Axe II, which had finished in the money in seven of his nine lifetime starts. He finished second on Saturday.

Trainer Jack Gaver was realistic about Strike The Main's chances. "It would take some kind of a fluke for him to beat Spectacular Bid," Gaver said. "I'd be very happy to finish second in the Flamingo. Spectacular Bid is probably not going to be beaten unless something crazy happens, and crazy things don't happen twice in a row to good horses."

Since he has faced only mediocre opposition in Florida this winter, nobody really knows how good Spectacular Bid is. Still, few horses ever win nine stakes races in a row. Seattle Slew did not, nor did Secretariat or Affirmed. And while the running time of the 1979 Flamingo was two seconds off the track record at 1:48½, the early fractions of 1:09½ for six furlongs and 1:25½ for the mile were impressive.

"Now we go to Kentucky," said Delp. "I guess Flying Paster out in California is the horse to worry about, but I can really only worry about my own horse. I know this might be a crazy thing to say about a horse that won four stakes in Florida this winter and has knocked off nine in a row, but I think Bid is going to get better, I really think that."

END

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There were two main events, one of them shocking and the other surprising. In the first fight, Earnie Shavers, written off at the age of 34 and a 3-1 underdog, destroyed Ken Norton in just 118 seconds. The fans at the Hahn Hotel in Las Vegas and millions more watching on national television last Friday night had expected Gentle Ben. Instead, Shavers gave them Attila the Hun. That was the shocker; the surprise in the other fight was that it lasted so long.

When Shavers had finished his brief night's work, on came Larry Holmes, the WBC world heavyweight champion, to demonstrate the difference between an ambush and an execution. It was carefully planned and coldly carried out. For six rounds Holmes stalked his prey. In the seventh, he caught Ossie Ocasio and dismantled him.

Ocasio, the 23-year-old Puerto Rican challenger, was felled first by a numbing left jab. He got up, only to go down again under a straight right that could have been fired by Thor. A short right knocked him down yet a third time. He was game, if not wise. As Ocasio pulled himself upright once more, Richie Giachetti, Holmes' trainer and manager, shouted at Referee Carlos Padilla, "For God's sake, stop it before Larry kills him."

Ignoring both Giachetti and humanitarianism, Padilla asked Ocasio if he wanted to surrender. Absolutely not. So Padilla turned and motioned Holmes forward. Shrugging, the champion came on without haste. He slammed home two right hands and then snapped a left hook to the jaw. With a great shudder, Ocasio crashed to the floor. Yet still once more, with an awesome show of will, he forced himself to his feet.

But by now even Padilla realized that the 10-1 underdog with only 13 pro fights had had enough. This time there was no count. "That's all," Padilla said. The end came at 2:38 of the round. "If Padilla hadn't stopped it—and if Ocasio had made it back to the corner—I was going to stop it myself," said Bill Daly, the 82-year-old fight manager who, as legend has it, discovered Ocasio working in a San Juan laundry two years ago.

Once more, with reeling

Challenger Ossie Ocasio and ex-champ Ken Norton were down, up and down again as Earnie Shavers and Larry Holmes set the stage for a return engagement

If Padilla hadn't called a halt when he did, the only way Ocasio would have made it back to the corner would have been on a stretcher. As it was, the fight was permitted to continue two knockdowns too many. There was no excuse for letting the young and inexperienced Puerto Rican take that much punishment. He was being paid \$250,000 to fight, not to be demolished.

Ken Norton, who was paid \$750,000, was more fortunate. Mills Lane, who refereed that fight, is either a more cautious or a more compassionate man than Padilla. Few fighters have taken the beating Shavers laid on the former champion in just one minute and 58 seconds.

Lane permitted Norton to get off the floor once. The second time he was knocked down, and somehow got up. Lane stopped it.

The Shavers victory was spectacularly unpredictable. Almost a year ago to the day, he had looked old and awkward and slow in losing a 12-round decision to Holmes. He was still ranked as the WBC's No. 2 contender, but that was mostly because the talent in the heavyweight ranks is painfully thin. When people spoke of the shaven-headed fighter, it was in the past tense.

But Shavers was hard and fit at 210 pounds (Norton weighed 225) and he and trainer Frank Luca had mapped a strat-

continued



Going, going, but not quite gone. Ocasio survived four knockdowns by Holmes to finish on his feet

egy. It wasn't really complicated. "I'm going out and hit him on the head," Shavers said.

"And in the body," Luca said.

"He'll last three rounds."

"Two," Luca said.

Then the two men looked at each other and laughed, sharing a private joy. Their happiness was due to millionaire Blackie Gennaro, Shavers' former manager, being dropped from the team nine months ago.

"Nobody knows how that man messed up my mind, nickel-and-diming me to death on expenses," Shavers said. "I had to fight that man every day, and then I had to get in the ring and fight Muhammad Ali, and fight Holmes. Gennaro wouldn't give me any money to train; he wouldn't pay for sparring partners. He'd yell if I ate a \$3 steak. He'd say a \$2 steak was just as good."

According to financial logs kept by Luca, who is also Shavers' business manager, when Shavers lost to Ali in 1977 his purse was \$300,000 (Gennaro got half), plus \$25,000 for expenses. "But Gennaro only gave me \$8,000 before the fight for expenses," Luca said. "To get ready for a title fight!" For the Holmes fight, Luca said, Shavers' purse was

\$275,000 but Gennaro allowed only \$5,000 for pre-flight expenses.

To train for the Norton fight, Luca and Shavers had moved to Vegas nine weeks early. They rented a warehouse and set up their own private gym. A ring was rented, no expense was spared. They took the fight for short money, only \$85,000, and they spent nearly half of that for training expenses.

"For me this is the big one," said Shavers. "I can't afford to blow this one. If I do, I'll be like Jimmy Young—in limbo. I'm in the best physical shape possible and my mind is at peace for the first time in years. I'm going out to fight him. If he comes to fight, it's going to be a war."

Norton's plan was not to go to war, at least not early. In winning 56 of 64 fights, Shavers had scored 54 knockouts. No one questioned his power, only his stamina. "He has a tendency to get tight, and when he gets tight, he gets wild," said Bill Slayton, Norton's trainer. "We have to either fight him at a distance or in very close. Kenny has to move in quick and meet him, and make him work inside. The closer Kenny is to a man, the better he is and the better I feel."

The strategy seemed sound. But early in the first round—with Shavers punching at an incredible pace—Norton improvised. First he elected to lie against the ropes and catch and counter. When that didn't work, he then decided to just cover up and let Shavers punch himself out. It was a fatal decision.

Shavers has always had a tendency to loop his punches. But with Norton standing dead still in front of him, Shavers began to punch with newfound discipline. He kept his punches short and tight, and whatever part of his upper anatomy Norton failed to protect with his curious peekaboo defense, Shavers blasted.

In the first minute, Shavers hooked Norton wickedly to the liver and then hooked him to the head, slamming the thunderous punch against the temple. Norton didn't go down, but he was hurt, and the light was as good as over.

As Norton tried to escape, Shavers chased him, firing at full bore. The 30th punch, a hook, caught Norton flush on the head and he started to fall. The 31st, a right, nailed him as he fell. Rolling over, Norton got up at eight and staggered back against the ropes. He nearly fell again.

Referee Lane wiped off Norton's gloves and stepped back. Shavers stepped

in. Once more Norton, like a man sleep-walking, tried to escape. No chance. Shavers hooked him to the head and then jolted him with a tremendous right uppercut that sent Norton tumbling down. The onetime WBC champion rolled over and crawled to the ropes. On instinct alone, he pulled himself up. Slayton leaped up the steps. Lane waved him away. Slayton signaled he wanted the fight ended. Nodding, Lane stopped it.

Now it was Holmes' turn. He was being paid \$1.5 million for his second title defense, and he had worked hard. While the rest of the world was downgrading Ocasio, Holmes was sparring 300 rounds. Mostly he worked on his jab. "I've put thunder into it," he said. "I've added power to the right. I've worked as hard for this fight as I have for any. You can't take a man lightly. You have to fight him."

Holmes is a picture boxer. He proved that first against Shavers, then again in taking the title from Norton last June. Now he wanted to prove that he was a devastating puncher. And so he fought flat-footed, his legs widely spaced, punching not for points but to paralyze.

It took Holmes three rounds to solve the unbeaten challenger's unorthodox style. In the fourth round, he began to catch the Puerto Rican with a short right counter over a lunging hook. He used the jab the way a wrecker uses a battering ram. Ocasio was stunned and stunned again, but he wouldn't go down.

Until the seventh round. Then he spent almost as much time on the floor as he did on his feet. Until then, through 13 professional fights, Ocasio had never been down.

Once more Holmes proved what he had set out to prove. He is a deadly and awesome puncher. With every fight he looks better and better. It is hardly his fault that there aren't better heavyweights around for him to batter.

"I'm still around," said Shavers, smiling thinly. "I want to fight him now that my head is right. I've got something to prove, too."

Shavers will probably get his chance in September at a site yet undetermined. That's his reward for beating Norton. But first each will have a tune-up in late May or early June.

Note to the WBA, which still recognizes Muhammad Ali as champion: You might take a look at Larry Holmes. He's not half bad as a fighter.



Leaving Norton for dead, Shavers wheels away

The Gourmet Martini

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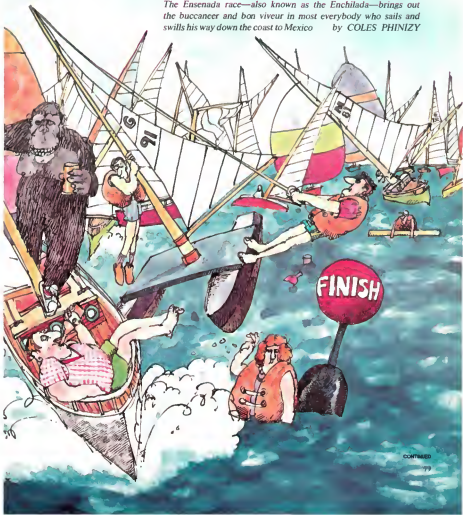


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Captains Outrageous

The Ensenada race—also known as the Enchilada—brings out the buccaneer and bon viveur in most everybody who sails and swills his way down the coast to Mexico by COLES PHINIZY



CONTINUED

The Ensenada

continued

In its long and lurky life, the Ensenada race has been many things to many people. Some old hands say nostalgically that the Ensenada race is not what it used to be; others say thank God for that. Some maintain the race never was much and still isn't; others claim it gets better every year. Despite the mixed reviews, the show is still a sellout.

After serving on a crew 20 years ago, Jim Murray, the *Los Angeles Times* sports columnist, described the Ensenada race as a combination of Mardi Gras and fraternity hell week. There is less hell now than there was, but it is still a carnival with broad appeal, attracting talented and intent sailors and carefree clowns of all sorts. Because the safety committee of the Ensenada is a stiff-necked lot, poorly equipped boats are bristly discouraged. Beyond that, it is come one, come all.

Every year they come by the hundreds, seeking a variety of odd prizes in a wild variety of boats. In the Ensenada fleet are some of the best and a few of the worst boats of yesterday, today and tomorrow: stock hulls, one-offs and home-built; catamarans and trimarans; elderly schooners, yawls, ketches and cutters; stripped-out, honeycombed, one-ton whizz-bombs hot off the drafting table; beautiful old Keitensbergs and brand-new Petersons; converted 8-meters, 10-meters and 12-meters; ultralight displacement hulls as narrow as an arrow and gaff-rigged sloops as beamy as a Gloucesterman.

There are a couple of other sailing bushes in more sheltered waters that have larger fleets, notably a Danish race around the island of Sjælland, but there is no open ocean classic that attracts a mob to equal that of the Ensenada. No more than 120 boats have ever turned out for any race of the prestigious Southern Ocean Racing circuit; for the rough-and-tumble Sydney-Hobart race, the record entry is 131; for the Farnet race off England, it is 308. The Ensenada race has averaged well over 500 starters for the past decade.

The race is only 125 miles long. From the starting line off Newport Beach, Calif., it is almost a straight shot a trifle east of south down the coast to Ensenada in Mexico. In fair weather such a course ordinarily would present no problem. A few Ensenada races have been gear busters, but in midspring when the race is held, the Pacific breeze is usu-

ally light and fitful, rising and falling like the pulse of a dying man, pitting the course with large windless holes. Because of this fluky air, the following will customarily happen. After hours of slow going, a few bored crews will say to hell with it and head west to celebrate the rest of the weekend on Catalina Island. Halfway down the course, several dozen crews, similarly bored, will pack it in at San Diego. Before sundown a number of large, handsome hulls competently handled will fall into a hole in the wind and sit with sails slatting, while a mile farther out on a ruffled sea, slower boats slide past, their spinnakers fat and happy. Before the night is done a skipper or two, misjudging the thrust of a rising breeze, will sail 10 miles or more past Ensenada.

Most of the crews that win division or class honors in the Ensenada deserve to. A few winners are just lucky. Some of the losers consider themselves lucky enough to find the finish line. Commenting on the disparity of talent, a veteran sailor recently observed, "If some of the Ensenada's less able seamen had sailed the *Nina*, the *Pinta* and the *Santa Maria* in 1492, their first landfall probably would have been the Isle of Capri."

Harold Adams, the engineer who participated in the development of all the Douglas airplanes from the DC-6 through the DC-10, served as Ensenada race committee chairman for 10 years in the '50s and early '60s. Near the finish line of one race, Adams recalls, a sloop was caught by a wind shift low of the finish line. Tacking again and again, the skipper of the sloop kept sliding sideways without getting any closer. After watching the futile effort for 10 tedious minutes, Adams realized that no one aboard the sliding boat knew how to sail upwind. Shouting advice through a bullhorn, he talked the boat across. For an official to assist a competitor in such a way is highly irregular, but Adams figured it was the human thing to do.

In another race during his tenure as chairman, Adams spied a different sloop bound along the coast, apparently not knowing what to do or where to finish. Again bellowing through a bullhorn, Adams hailed the errant craft, got her name and number and instructed her to cross between the committee boat and the buoy. It was not until the wandering sloop had dutifully altered course and was almost across the line that Adams discovered she was not in the race.

During race week at sacred Cowes in England, has any competitive skipper even considered dressing his foredeck hand in a gorilla costume? At either Cowes or the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, has any major winner ever received a congratulatory telegram from Prince Philip—or even a lesser figurehead—delivered to him in jail? Such things happen in the Ensenada race.

On the Southern Ocean circuit has any skipper other than Ted Turner ever tried to psych his rivals by blasting them with noise? In an Ensenada race some 10 years ago, a skipper broadcast the amplified thunder and wailing of a freight train across the water, his theory being that as his rivals ghosted through the still night, nothing would be more unsettling than the sound of a Union Pacific freight bearing

down on them. On the expensive Southern Ocean circuit, in which boats are born on the brink of obsolescence, any hull that proves to be a dog in its first series is almost a certain loser for the rest of its days. In the Ensenada, there is always hope. In 1954 a Nova Scotia fishing schooner, *Neilly Bly*, was dead last in the fleet of 145, finishing 26 hours behind the leader. Three years later the archaic *Neilly Bly* finished only eight hours back of the slick catamaran leading the fleet and won the President of the United States Cup for the best corrected time in the performance handicap division.

In the Fasnet Race or the Sydney-Hobart, in the Transpac or the Mackinac, in the St. Pete-Lauderdale, the Rio or any other classic, how often do rivals battle nip and tuck trying to win last place? The Ensenada last-place trophy is a beautiful spittoon worth about \$350—and it's hard to come by. To beat a rival equally intent on being last, one Ensenada skipper lowered his sails and produced fake exhaust smoke to suggest that he was abandoning the race under power. Seeing the smoke and concluding that he was the only skipper still on the course under sail, the deceived rival straightway headed for the finish line. The faker then turned off the phony smoke, raised his canvas again and sailed across the line last to win the spittoon.

For the past three years the annual semi-official Ensenada trophy for antic behavior has gone to a 46-foot ketch, *Prospector*, out of San Francisco. Three years ago the eight men of *Prospector* started the race in tuxedos and finished in the same attire. Two years ago they wore white tie and tails, and to pass the time of night on the way to Ensenada they held the main boom way out by means of a preventer and projected movies on the sail. Last year they put a preventer on the mizzen boom as well and showed two movies simultaneously. On the aft side of the mainsail—or "Cinema I" as Skipper Tom Hannan of *Prospector* calls it—they showed *Deep Throat*. On the forward side of the mizzen (Cinema II) they ran *Bambi Falls in Love*. Before last year's caper began, Hannan insisted there was some method in such madness. "By showing *Deep Throat* on Cinema I," he declared, "boats behind us will have no incentive to pass unless they happen to prefer *Bambi Falls in Love*." The strategy, such as it was, fizzled. There were 466 finishers last year; 462 of them got to Ensenada ahead of *Prospector*, the floating film festival.

Jim Smith, a 51-year-old dentist from Southgate, Calif., has raced his staysail sloop *Stella Maris* in august contests like the Transpac and the Whitney series and in 17 of the last 18 Ensenada races. "Why do I keep going back to the Ensenada?"

Smith says. "Because it is our New Year's, our Fourth of July, our born-again day."

Mary Jo Thue, a comely crewperson who has served on an old 65-foot schooner, *Kelpie*, concurs effusively. "Things like the L.O.R. and all its exact measurements and time allowances and such are taking away the fun," she says. "Yachts used to be things of beauty. You go aboard one of the damn new racing things, it's as sterile as a hospital ward. There's no warmth. You'd never want to cruise in one. If the old master designers came back, they would sit on the dock and laugh at the scene. Even after a race, instead of relaxing and having a drink, skippers today have tirades and get bent all out of shape thinking about how they might have won by doing this instead of that."

"The Ensenada is a unique madness," Thue continues

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDREW MYER



Strategy at sea: distract them with *Linda Lovelace* while you amble downwind to victory.

The Ensenada

continued



The soggy moral to the story was that one never stores suitcases in the shower.

continues. "A lot of people scoff and say it's not a real race. I disagree. I believe you can race hard and still have fun. There are very few worthwhile sports events left where a large group can get together and become slightly insane. I measure a place largely by what the signs say. You go to a beach and the signs say no ballplayers, no walking on the jetty, no dogs, no disrobing. Remember when people used to sleep on the beach all night? Try it now and the cops will put you in the pokey. My God, they even have helicopters patrolling the beaches. Where can anybody do something today just for the hell of it? The Ensenada race is such a place."

The race was born 31 years ago, a child of the boating boom that followed World War II. Like other sailing events, it was started largely to fill the growing desire for competition, but the Ensenada soon became more than just a boat race. In the past quarter century, while events such as the Southern Ocean circuit and the America's Cup have been getting so uptight they now seem to be suffering from the first rigors of death, the Ensenada race has stayed loose. It would be presumptuous to say God looks favorably upon it, but it is easy to believe there is a giddy, bacchanalian angel up there seeing to it that the Ensenada goes its own rollicking way, never quite on an even keel.

Whatever the reason, earthly or unearthly, every year

the deck is so loaded with wild cards that none of the players can afford to take the Ensenada game too seriously. Two years ago *Ragtime*, the famous 13-year-old ultralight hull that won first-to-finish honors in the Transpac and half a dozen other long races, went in the Ensenada as a lark, carrying a crew of 16 men and women—twice the complement she needed even for an all-hands emergency. Thus burdened with more than half a ton of surplus fun lovers, *Ragtime* won more major trophies than most ocean events offer. She was first to finish in her division, first monohull to finish and first hull of any kind to finish in a fleet of 536. She also won the President of the United States Cup for first in her division on corrected time. Last year the old girl sailed dead seriously with only her regular complement of eight hands and picked up one small mug for fifth place in her class.

Because the larger, faster boats are started first in ocean races, as the fleet moves along the course, the distance between the head and tail of it lengthens. As a consequence, the ideal finish-line official is someone who can sit on a wall-floving powerboat, suppressing boredom and the urge to get stoned while sailboats trickle across the finish line for 15 hours or more. For example, in the Boca Grande race, one of the SORC events comparable in length to the Ensenada, only six boats in a fleet of 80 finished within half a minute of another last year. At the peak of the action, 18 boats crossed in one hour. In the Ensenada, that many boats sometimes finish in a couple of minutes, and such clumps often include craft that because of difference in size and sail-power have no business being anywhere near each other after 125 miles of racing.

If the Ensenada race is not controlled by a slightly berserk angel, then for sure it is under the influence of some queer conjunction of the planets. Anyone who doubts it should listen to one convincing piece of evidence, a seven-minute tape recorded at the finish line of the 1963 race. The tape features the voice of Don Morden, the race chairman, with a background accompaniment of several hundred shouting sailors. It begins with Morden saying anxiously, "We have the largest jam coming I have ever seen in an Ensenada race. This is May the fifth, 10:08 a.m. There appear to be over 80 boats in a huge jam all coming down under spinnakers. It's a beautiful sight, but it's pretty terrifying for the race committee. The width of our finish line is quite narrow.... Here they come, bright-colored spinnakers, everything on, going full bore." Then, as a multitude of discordant, desperate voices wells up in the background, Morden does his best to identify each boat in the melee by her number, type or name: "Eight hundred eighteen, a Seahorse Number 40, an Alberg 35, six-meter, Packet Number 121, 907... Bounty 2 Number 32; L-36 Number 33, 907; P-28 Number 33; F.I.S. 8... Cal 29 Number 7, Triton 379, a J over 3; Cal 24 Number 55... 5½-meter D-29; the Windbag; a Blue Newport; L-36 Number 22; an old schooner with a green topsail; W-601, M-36 Number 1..." During a lull toward the end of the confusion, Morden says in a voice tinged with mirth, "It's a terror. Sailors are dropping their sails, spinnakers are coming down,

continued

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A KODAK SPORTS PROGRAM

The Ensenada

continued

sailors are shortening sail because of the wind behind them. Boy, what a mess!"

At the peak of the action in that chaotic race, boats finished at a rate of one every two seconds. In less than six minutes more than 100 boats—almost a third of the fleet—crossed the line. In the mash were 25-footers and 50-footers that should have been hours apart but were blown together by a whimsical wind rising from behind. Boats blanketed boats and forged ahead, and were blanketed in turn, and while being blanketed were blanketing others farther ahead. There were collisions galore. Before the clatter and banging was done, the sea was littered with seat cushions, life jackets and fenders hastily put over the side to ease the impact. Hulls were scuffed and scarred, a few shrouds were carried away, a few spars busted, tempers flared—but not a boat sunk or was badly damaged. Things like that can't happen, but in the Ensenada race they do.

The adventure is never the same. In the mind of a loyal 71-year-old skipper, Earl Schultz, that is why the Ensenada lives and will never die. Although his silver hair and sideburns and the smart cut of his blazer give Schultz the air of a 19th-century yacht club commodore, he never took to sail until he quit the merchant marine at 41 and headed West on a Harley Davidson. He has sailed his homemade 50-foot ketch *Aegean Sea* in the Ensenada for only 10 years but is already an expert on the unexpected. In one of his first tries—the exact year eludes him—he remembers a beautiful hour when his boat sailed through a sea turned to froth by thousands of leaping porpoises, some crowding the boat and, as if part of an act, suddenly leaping across in front of the bow so close that they passed through the small space between the bobstay and the bowsprit.

In 1975 a 45-foot gray whale took up with the *Aegean Sea* as she crept over almost windless water. The whale hung around for almost two hours, sometimes sounding on one side of the Aegean Sea and surfacing on the other. Schultz was afraid the whale might try scraping the hull to rid itself of barnacles, but it did something less expected. It surfaced and defecated. "The environmentalists worrying about waste discharge in the ocean should do something about the whales," notes Schultz. "Suddenly we were in a polluted area the size of a football field, and not a breath of air to move us out of it."

Schultz is one of two skippers ever to win the last-place spittoon twice. His first last-place victory, in 1968, was the consequence of a chain of slapstick disasters worthy of Buster Keaton and other silent-movie clowns. "It was unbelievable," Schultz says. "We had 12 in the crew. You might have heard of Bill Williams, the actor married to the actress Barbara Hale. Well, Bill and his son Billy, who is now an actor, went with us. And there was a bunch of drunks aboard. We got as far as Laguna Beach, six miles south of Newport Beach, and drifted around for hours. At some time early, little Billy Williams asks where all the luggage should go, and I said, 'With this many on board, nobody will be taking a shower, so we'll put it all in the shower.' So we shoved all the luggage in the shower, and about halfway to San Diego somebody comes up from below and says, 'Earl, the boat is sinking.' Jeez, when I went below, the shag carpet was like a wet lawn. A bag jammed into the shower had turned it on. The bags were soaked, just about all our water was gone and had caused a short circuit which killed the battery, so we had no lights."

"The guy who carved the trailboards for the *continued*

Winners and losers in the Tequila Derby discovered that getting into the social swim was no problem at all.





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The train lies off Eleuthera's northern tip, scattered on Devil's Backbone Reef. At least six wrecks are strewn here, a diver's paradise, we thought, and a perfect place to hide a case of C.C.

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To raise the C.C., you'll need scuba gear, guts and muscle: it weighs 200 pounds. Start where a "dinner boat" went down on Devil's Backbone. Follow a channel across the reef to an old Ward Line steamer wreck (try this only in bright sunlight or you'll lose your boat). Take a bearing from its bow. Not more than 200 yards along, where the reef slopes into deep water and a big Nassau grouper lives, we sunk the watertight case of Canadian Club.

May your seas for the search be as smooth as our whisky. Note: nonswimmers may discover their own Canadian Club adventure at bars or local package stores by just saying "C.C., please."



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This is exactly where the case lies.

The Ensenada

continued

boat was along and had brought a drunk Irish friend who even washed down his sandwiches with straight tequila. While I'm below worrying about something, the drunk Irishman takes the compass apart and throws the little metal things—the magnets—overboard because they look rusty. So we go through the night with no compass, sailing by the wind. By then it's blowing and raining, and after 38 hours I go below to get some sleep. The next thing somebody is saying, 'Wake up, Earl. We're at Ensenada. We can see Todos Santos Island.' Well, it wasn't Todos Santos. The wind had shifted around, and they had sailed the boat around with it, and we were back off the Coronado Islands, which are just over the border from San Diego."

Schultz won the last-place spittoon again in 1977 with less grief. A few minutes before the start, somebody on the Aegean Sea realized the beer had been left ashore, so they turned back to Newport Harbor for it. That year the wind died progressively through the race, and many exasperated crews in small boats quit at San Diego. Having dallied extravagantly at the start, Schultz was a cinch for last place provided he got to Ensenada before the race's 48-hour time limit. He made it with a couple of hours to spare. Though less colorful, his 1977 finish also was more rewarding. In the welter of prizes handed out in the Ensenada, there is now a trophy for the most trophies, a slender cup that goes to the yacht club whose members win the greatest number. When the trophy was first offered in 1976, the San Diego Yacht Club won it, beating out the Long Beach Yacht Club to which Schultz belongs. In 1977, with only Schultz still in sea, San Diego and Long Beach were tied. When Schultz crossed last to take the spittoon, he broke the tie and thus also won the trophy-trophy for his club.

In every unpredictable Ensenada race there is one certainty: Few of the 3,000 sailors who take part ever finish the festive weekend suffering from alcohol deficiency in the bloodstream. Some crews teetotal while racing, but once in port, hasten ashore to make amends in the nearest pub. Others teetle a little on the way down and total in Ensenada. Still others start indulging before the first gun and never stop.

Ashley Bown, a foxy San Diego skipper who has won the most major honors in the past 31 years, maintains the secret is not only how much you teetle during the race but also when. At the helm of a friend's boat, Ash Bown won the ocean-racing division in the first Ensenada in 1948, and might have won again the next year if a rascally rival had not run him into a kelp bed. Subsequently, in his old Owens cutter *Carousel*, he won his division twice and finished in the money in 11 of 14 races. Some despairing rivals recognized that Bown had an arcane

knack for judging current and sensing whether to go for the wind inshore or at sea, but few realized he also stole boat lengths by the strategic timing of the teetling on his boat. Speaking in his customary slow, bass voice that sounds as if it were coming from a recorder with run-down batteries, Bown explains, "I drink considerably. All my friends and enemies know I drink my share, but on *Carousel* we'd have only one or two after dark, and my reasoning was this: boats usually have a long cocktail hour when the sun is going down, and that's when you are apt to get an increase or decrease in the wind, or a shift of 20 to 30 degrees. A spinaker may have to come down and a genny up, or maybe you'll be jibing. It's during happy hour that boats often screw up. We'd pass more boats in that couple of hours than any other time."

Like a show dog, the Newport to Ensenada International Yacht Race seldom goes by that official full-blown name. In addition to the usual abbreviation, the Ensenada, it is also known along the California waterfront as the Enchilada, the Tequila Derby and the Margarita Handicap. Among bons vivants it is best known as the Race to Hussong's, in honor of a dowdy Ensenada bar that has withstood the assaults of sailors for 87 years. Hussong's is not picturesque; it has no distinctive atmosphere, authentic or contrived. Its walls are decorated with a catholic collection of whatever the management felt like hanging on them through the years: the somber head of an eland, a gallery of charcoal sketches of customers, deer antlers and steer horns, a boxing poster billing Gorilla Jones vs. Tar-

continued

After reaping the wild wind on the way to Ensenada, some folks liked to saddle up and ride in Hussong's.



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The Ensenada

criticized

zan Guerrero, a bongo clock with no pendulum, a stuffed snow goose sorely in need of dusting. Husvong's is simply Husvong's, and if it tried becoming something more, it would end up being mediocre. As the town grew, the center of it moved away from Husvong's. Because of drastic harbor dredging and land-filling, the bar is no longer even near the water. Although today Husvong's is a good mile from the present Ensenada race headquarters in the Hotel Bahia, it is still mecca.

In the beginning the Ensenada race was a mellow affair. There were dances and dinners requiring tasteful dress. Mariachi bands played in cafes, and in bars like Husvong's, violins, cellos and guitars accompanied by the clean, clear cry of trumpets played the sweet, sad music that is the soul of Mexico. At the Villa Marina Hotel a fountain flowed margaritas. "Back then there were Mexican dignitaries and American brass," Ash Blown recalls, "and the sailors behaved well enough. There weren't any freeloading creeps or any gals with parts of their torsos hanging out of their blouses."

A few weeks before the first race in 1948, Guillermo Bousson, an Ensenada ship chandler who has been on the advisory committee ever since, rented three old-style ladies' bathing suits from a Hollywood customer. Bousson and two other Ensenadans wore the suits to add a light touch to the post-race activities. It was the last bit of calculated informality the Ensenada race ever needed. Through the years the race got bigger and looser and bawdier, and almost died because of it.

When several thousand larking sailors and several thousand loved ones who drove down to join them are taking their welcome in a foreign port, the thing least needed is an influx of freeloaders even less well-behaved. The sailors popularized Ensenada, and in the early '60s shaggy-haired hippies pounced on the town, hitting it very heavily on race weekend when it had a lot to offer for free. By the mid-'60s three special diversions had become almost ritual: 1) riding a horse into Husvong's, 2) throwing cherry bombs everywhere and 3) throwing anything or anybody into the pool at the Hotel Bahia. Empty bottles and cans, bed pillows, whole cases of unopened beer, patio tables and chairs ended up in

criticized

Go ahead, sell your own home, you riverboat gambler, you.

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The Ensenada

continued



*Congratulations on your victory at sea, Skipper.
And by the way, you're under arrest.*

the pool, and so did mariachi players, waiters, policemen and ladies both frocked and half-frocked.

At Hussong's, men tossed cherry bombs into the ladies' room and vice versa. Sailors who had no intention of being so foolish were swept up in the madness. It is said that one wild fellow got his motorcycle up on the bar at Hussong's, rode the length of it and out the front window. However true, simply at the telling such tales revive others. When asked about the motorcycle, Harold Adams, the former race chairman, said he never saw one on the bar, but he added, "I suppose you know about the time somebody put a cherry bomb inside a barracuda and laid it on the bar. It was quite an old barracuda, but considering how Hussong's always smelled anyway, that scarcely mattered."

For its first 14 years the race started on a Thursday so that even the pokiest boats would get to port for the weekend fun. In 1962 the start was changed to Sunday, and in 1963 moved back to Saturday, the purpose in both cases being to have most of the boats arrive after the shaggy weekend freeloaders had left. After several stable years, in 1967 the general committee moved the start back to Thursday. The Ensenada police put a roadblock on the main highway, but the undesirable hell raisers leaked in. The same sort of crude violence began again, and the same kind of rioting, and the jail was as full as it had been in the early '60s. In 1967, offenders were given a choice: time in jail or have their heads shaved for a dollar. Heads were shaved, but to no avail. By 1973 the situation was as bad as it had ever been. In 1974 the start was moved forward once again to Saturday, and the race has gone its own happy, wobbling way ever since.

As one might expect, in the most chaotic years the police in their zeal sometimes hauled in the innocent. In 1965 Jack Baillie, a Los Angeles skipper, was one such, victimized because he is color-blind. Seeing the bottom light go

on at an intersection just down from Hussong's, Baillie proceeded to cross and waved to friends to follow. Ensenada has some old-style traffic signals: in the direction Baillie was headed the bottom light was red. The police picked him up for directing traffic and put him in jail with a bunch of surfers who had done one or another thing wrong. At the helm of an 8-meter, a 10-meter and a 12-meter, Baillie has won more Ensenada prizes, counting specialized honors, than even Bown—quite an accomplishment considering that keel-heavy meter boats are best upwind, a point of sailing that is virtually nonexistent in Ensenada. In 1965, the year he went to jail, Baillie, at the helm of his 10-meter *Hilaria*, won the President of Mexico Cup for best corrected time in the ocean-racing division. The three hours he spent in the slammer that year were in a sense the high point of his long Ensenada career. During the three-hour hitch he not only received a congratulatory telegram from the President of Mexico, but also was elected president of his cell block.

The Ensenada race is a lot like a mango. It has a big, tough core surrounded by a pulp of sweet innocence. During last year's race, before more than three dozen boats had finished, a reporter wearing a blazer was approached by a lady in the bar of the Hotel Bahia. "With a blue coat you must be an official," she said. "I am trying to find out if the boat my brother is on is here yet. I don't know the name, but it's a white boat with one mast and it has a big, round front sail."

"Madam," the reporter replied, "I am semiofficial. The real ones are busy, but here's what I suggest. If you have a phone in your room, whenever a white boat with one mast and a big front sail comes in, I'll give you a call. Stay close to the phone, because I may be calling you every three minutes for the next 36 hours. This is one of those big shows that goes on and on and on."

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Yesterday

by STEVE WOLF

TIME AND AGAIN, THE FATES THREW A CURVE AT 'LOSING PITCHER' MULCAHY

If ever there was a hard-luck pitcher, Hugh (Losing Pitcher) Mulcahy was it. From his first inning to his last, the Fates hounded him. They saw to it that he wasted his talents on one of the worst teams in baseball history. They conspired with the U.S. Army to single him out as the first major-leaguer drafted in World War II. They never gave him a chance to change his nickname.

Mulcahy spent most of his career with the Philadelphia Phillies who stumbled through the '30s and '40s. Called the "Phlutie Phils," they finished last eight times between 1936 and 1945, averaging 102 losses a year. In his four best years with the team, 1937-40, Mulcahy was 8-18, 10-20, 9-16 and 13-22. Hence the nickname, which Mulcahy thinks was created by a sportswriter who was struck by the frequency with which the line "Losing pitcher: Mulcahy" appeared in Phillie box scores. Now it is in *The Baseball Encyclopedia*, sandwiched between Joe Murr and Tony Mullane. Hugh (Losing Pitcher) Mulcahy.

But Mulcahy didn't deserve his nickname. He was a fine pitcher on a no-hit, no-field, no-anything club. The team was already on the skids when Mulcahy joined it late in the 1935 season. Purchased from Albany in the International League, he made his debut in the eighth inning of a game the Phillies were losing to the Pittsburgh Pirates in Forbes Field. The first three batters Mulcahy had to face were—welcome to the majors—Lloyd Waner, Paul Waner and Arky Vaughan. Vaughan led the National League that season with a .385 average, while Paul hitted .321 and Lloyd .309.

Mulcahy retired them in order, although he can no longer remember how. What he does recall about that game is the conversation he had with Jimmie Wilson, the Phillies' manager and catcher, when Wilson handed him the ball at the mound. Wilson looked up at his 6' 2" rookie and asked him how he felt. Hughie said he felt fine, thank you. Wil-

son replied, "That's funny, because your knees are shaking something awful."

Mulcahy was back in the minors again in 1936 and had a superb season at Hazleton, Pa., where he won 25 games and the New York-Penn League's Most Valuable Player award. In September Mulcahy rejoined the Phillies and won one game and lost one, the last time his major league record reached 500.

In 1937 Wilson gave Mulcahy a lot of work, using him as both a starter (25 games) and reliever (31 games). Mulcahy lost 18 and won eight while tying Christy Mathewson's 29-year-old league record for most games pitched in a season, 56. The resemblance to Mathewson ended there: Matty's ERA in 1908, the year he set the record, was 1.43; Mulcahy's was 5.13. Undaunted, Wilson encouraged Mulcahy to keep a notebook with a page for every hitter in the league. On the top of each page, Mulcahy wrote, "Don't walk him." Good advice, but he led the league in walks that year.

In 1938 Mulcahy showed some improvement, but the team didn't, losing 105 games and finishing 24½ games behind the seventh-place Dodgers. Mulcahy had a 10-20 record (a .333 winning percentage compared to the Phillies' .309) and a 4.61 ERA. His bad luck proved consistent: he lost two no-hitters in late innings. And in an August game, typical of both the Phillies and Mulcahy, he pitched a six-hitter against the Cardinals only to lose 3-0 because of three misplays in the first three innings by Shortstop George (Shagger) Scharen.

Forty years later, Mulcahy refuses to bemoan his fortune. A minor league pitching coach for the White Sox from 1951 to 1975, he lives in Denver, Pa. and his only contacts with baseball are an occasional Pirate game in Pittsburgh and a round of golf with Chuck Tanner, the Pirates' manager. But when he talks of his days with the Phillies, his eyes light up.

"Maybe I was too stupid," he says, "but I never thought about losing. I'd be warming up before a game, and I might have lost five or six in a row, but I still felt I was going to win. I don't know why we lost so many. I remember playing with some pretty good ballplayers."

The Phillies did have some good ballplayers, but owner Gerry Nugent, a former shoe salesman, kept selling them off. First Baseman Dolph Camilli was sent to Brooklyn in 1938 for \$45,000 and Eddie Morgan, a .188-hitting outfielder. Three

years later Camilli won the MVP and the Dodgers won the pennant. In 1938, Nugent sent Bucky Walters to Cincinnati for \$55,000, a has-been and a never-was. Walters pitched the Reds to pennants in 1939 and 1940 with 27-11 and 22-10 records. No wonder Manager Wilson resigned in September of 1938. In 1939 the manager was James (Doc) Prothro, a dentist and former infielder whose son Tommy grew up to become a football coach. Prothro lasted three seasons, gritting his teeth through 106 defeats in 1939, 103 in 1940 and 111 in 1941.

Meanwhile, Mulcahy pitched every fourth day, and Nugent traded away his other good pitchers, Claude Passeau and Max Bucher. Mulcahy slipped to a 9-16 mark and a 4.99 ERA in 1939, but in 1940 his ERA was 3.60, although he went 13-22. In 36 starts he had an amazing 35 decisions, as well as 21 completed games and three shutouts. He was considered one of the best pitchers in the game, and made the National League All-Star team that year, though he jokes, "I would have lost the All-Star game, too, only I didn't get to pitch in it."

After the 1940 season it was thought that Mulcahy might be the next player to escape the Phillies ("He may yet change his name to 'Winning Pitcher' Mulcahy," said one sportswriter) but Mulcahy had drawn a low number in the Selective Service draft. On March 8, 1941, nine months before Pearl Harbor, Mulcahy entered the Army. By the time he returned to the Phillies on Aug. 26, 1945, his weight had dropped from 205 pounds to 170, and his fastball had been left somewhere in the Pacific. To make him feel at home, the Phillies finished last in 1945. They actually rose to fifth in 1946, but Mulcahy no longer played a significant role. He pitched in 16 games, and had a 2-4 record. The Phillies released him after the end of the season.

The Fates had one last trick to play on Mulcahy. In 1947 the Pirates decided to give him a chance. On an April day in, of all places, Philadelphia, Mulcahy made his last start, and for four innings he held his old club in check. Then, in the fifth, the Pirate infield blew a sure double play, the fireworks started, and Hughie headed for the showers. Soon afterward, he was given his release. These were not the same Pirates Mulcahy had faced years before as a rookie. They finished 1947 in a last-place tie with—who else?—the Phillies.



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 18-25

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—THREE RIVERS COMMUNITY COLLEGE of Poplar Bluff, Mo., beat Meyer County Community College of Tionesta, N.J. 60-39 in Hutchinson, Kan. to win the national J-1 title.

OLD DOMINION beat Louisiana Tech 75-65 to win the AIAW championship (page 6).

INDIANA defeated Purdue 51-52 in New York City during the National Indoor Tournament.

PRO BASKETBALL—The Central and Midwest teams highlighted in San Antonio and Kansas City, the respective division leaders, continued to falter. Led by Marques Johnson's 34 points, Milwaukee staged the Spurs' 115-127, and Atlanta beat Utah 115-108 as reserve Guard Terry Furrer pumped in a career-high 30. San Antonio lost of five of its last six, beat K.C. 137-116 for its only victory, while the Kings, losers of 10 of their last 13, beat only Chicago 114-103. Paul Westphal hit for 36 and Walter Dukes added 30 to lift Phoenix to a 126-107 win over the Kings, who also dropped a 100-98 decision to Portland, winner of four in a row. Denver, which trashed the Kings by a game and a half in the Midwest, upended Golden State 115-103 and Boston 117-113 behind David Thompson's 36 points to extend its winning streak to four. Paced by Calvin Murphy, who scored a season-high 18, Houston moved to win a game and a half of San Antonio with a 120-116 effort at Atlanta, which only one games back Philadelphia swept a season doubleheader from New Jersey for its fourth and fifth straight victories. The opener, which was a replay of the final 17:50 of a protested game played on Nov. 4, began with the Bulls ahead 34-41. Chicago then won 121-117. The Bulls, who had won the original edition of this game 137-133 in double overtime. Philly took the nightcap 110-96 at Madison Square Garden, also finished the first game with 31 points, but for 26 Atlanta Division leader Washington got 30 points and 22 rebounds from Elvin Hayes as it 119-106 was over New York. The Bulls then dropped a 124-114 decision to Detroit 121-117. The Pistons, missing starting at four Seattle night 106-110 in its only start to maintain a two-game lead over Phoenix and a 2½-game margin over Los Angeles in the Pacific Division.

BOWLING—JOHNNY PETRAGLIA beat Bill Coleman 266-253 to win a \$100,000 tournament in Milwaukee.

BOXING—LARRY HOLMES of Eastern Pa. retained his W.B.C. heavyweight title in Las Vegas with a split-round 10-7 of Puerto Rican Oscar Dela Cruz (page 7).

WILFREDO BENITEZ of Panama Rico scored a seven-point decision over New York City's Harold Weir in San Juan to retain his W.B.C. welterweight crown.

FINING—WAYNE STATE was the NCAA title in Princeton, N.J. defeating Notre Dame 118-106.

GOLF—LANNY WADKINS' four under-par 281 was the low score. Players' Championship in Jacksonville. Second by the stroke was Tom Watson (page 2).

NANCY LOPEZ fired a 10-under-par 276 to win a \$100,000 LPGA tournament in Las Vegas by two strokes over Donna Young.

HARBOR RACING—RAMBLING WILLIE, driven by Bob Harrington, became North America's richest harness horse by winning the feature at Baltimore Park in Cincin, Ill. on Sunday in 1:55.6. The \$4,500 winner's share bonned the 9-year-old pacer's earnings to \$1,387,637, \$2,492 more than the trotter savior.

COLLEGE HOCKEY—MINNESOTA beat North Dakota 5-3 in Detroit to win the NCAA championship for the third time.

PRO HOCKEY—NHL. The Islanders, who are 3-1 against the Canadiens this season, beat them 5-3 in Montreal to clinch the Patrick Division title (page 25). The victory also put New York four points up on the Canadiens in the race for the league's best record. The winner will have the home advantage in all playoff series. The Islanders' lead was reduced to three points when they started to a 3-5 tie with Pittsburgh, and Montreal, which has clinched the North Division crown, upended Washington 5-1. The doubleheader with the Penguins snapped New York's winning streak at five—but extended an unbeaten string to nine. Earlier, Pittsburgh added to its last seven starts, routed the Rangers 5-1 behind Ron Stankiewicz's hot break. The Penguins also took a 3-1 decision from Adams Division leader Boston. The Bruins then pulled Detroit's five-game winning streak to its second 5-2. Two of the Red Wings' victories had been against the Black Hawks, who dropped seven in a row before skating to a 3-1 tie with Toronto. Chicago nevertheless drops a 10-point lead in the hapless Smythe Division, whose teams managed only one win and six points in 11 games last week.

NBA. Edmonton maintained a three-point lead over Quebec in both clubs—and all the league's other teams, for that matter—picked up four points by winning twice. Led by Brad Clever's three goals and two assists, the Nordiques trounced the Oilers 7-2. Chicago, who leads

the league with 172 points, lost to the Bruins 4-1. The Bruins' comeback tied the Oilers 4-4. (page 8).

HORSE RACING—SPECTACULAR RED, ridden by James Franklin, won the Flamingo Stakes in Hollywood 1:20.9 in over 5 furlongs. The 3-year-old colt, owned by 15, won at 4-05. (page 8).

PLATFORM TENNIS—CLARK GRIFFIN, and DONALD BENNETT defeated Steve and Chet Buehler 4-3 and 4-3 in Sturbridge, N.Y. to win the national championship. YVONNE HALL, KENNETH and LINDA WOLFE beat Hilary Hovey and Annabelle Rogers 4-3, 4-3, 4-3 for the women's title.

SWIMMING—CALIFORNIA defeated S.C. 287-277 in Cleveland to win the NCAA championship (page 17).

VEADIMIR MALINIKOV of the U.S.S.R. broke the world record for the 800-meter freestyle at a meet in Miami. His time of 7:56.43 was 5.11 seconds faster than the mark held by Bobby Hackett of Yonkers, N.Y.

TENNIS—MARTINA NAVRATILOVA defeated Tracy Austin 6-3, 3-6, 6-2 at Madison Square Garden to win the \$75,000 Avon Championships (page 59).

JOHN MCHENRIE beat Bruce Tanner 6-4, 6-2 to win a \$175,000 Avon Championships in New Orleans.

MILEPOSTS—SHIRAZ. As basketball coach at Pepperdine, JIM HARRIS, 40, who for the past four seasons has been an assistant at UCLA.

As basketball coach at Memphis State, DANA KIRK, 43, who had a three-year record of 55-21 at Virginia Commonwealth.

RESIGNED. As basketball coach at UCLA, GARY CUNNINGHAM, 39, who had a two-year record of 56-4, resigning the Bruins to start NCAA tournaments.

As basketball coach at Guel Roberts, LAKI KELLY, 44, who had a two-year record of 30-24.

SENTENCED. In Dallas, to five years in prison for selling cocaine, BOB HAYES, 35, former starter who won two gold medals at the 1968 Olympics, said he played water rescue for the Cowboys and others.

CREDITS
 8—Evan Flannery, Star 22—Ricky, a kid 26—Steve Patten 28—George S. L. 40—George Nye 42—George Nye 44—George Nye 46—George Nye 48—George Nye 50—George Nye 52—George Nye 54—George Nye 56—George Nye 58—George Nye 60—George Nye 62—George Nye 64—George Nye 66—George Nye 68—George Nye 70—George Nye 72—George Nye 74—George Nye 76—George Nye 78—George Nye 80—George Nye 82—George Nye 84—George Nye 86—George Nye 88—George Nye 90—George Nye 92—George Nye 94—George Nye 96—George Nye 98—George Nye 100—George Nye 102—George Nye 104—George Nye 106—George Nye 108—George Nye 110—George Nye 112—George Nye 114—George Nye 116—George Nye 118—George Nye 120—George Nye 122—George Nye 124—George Nye 126—George Nye 128—George Nye 130—George Nye 132—George Nye 134—George Nye 136—George Nye 138—George Nye 140—George Nye 142—George Nye 144—George Nye 146—George Nye 148—George Nye 150—George Nye 152—George Nye 154—George Nye 156—George Nye 158—George Nye 160—George Nye 162—George Nye 164—George Nye 166—George Nye 168—George Nye 170—George Nye 172—George Nye 174—George Nye 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HOOP FEVER

Sir

Could it be that SI employs two basketball writers named Bruce Newman? The man who lauded the ACC in general and North Carolina in particular (*North Carolina Kicks Up Its Heels*, March 12) could not possibly have gone so sour on that venerable circuit in only one week (Many an *Oops* *twist* the *Ball* and the *Hoops*, March 19). Dean Smith didn't lose his genius; Penn was a truly dangerous team, and the Tar Heels were lackadaisical, while the Quakers played like a team possessed.

ROBERT J. LANNON
Elkins Park, Pa.

Sir

Bruce Newman has written two excellent articles on the ACC tournament and the first round of the NCAA, but, my goodness, you would have to admit to the fact that he's a bit schizophrenic.

F. W. AVERY, M.D.
Tabor, N.C.

Sir

O.K., O.K. Bruce Newman has been sitting "by the ditch" along Tobacco Road, and he finally got what he's been waiting for. The supposedly mighty, overexposed, overhyped kings of the ACC, North Carolina and Duke, are dead.

But please don't pin the full blame of the ACC's lousy reputation on us folks in what Newman calls "the land of the losers." We did not rank Duke No. 1 in preseason polls, the way some editorial sports magazines did. We did not rank North Carolina No. 3 and Duke No. 6, as the national media and coaches did at the end of this past regular season. We did not pick North Carolina as the NCAA tournament favorite, as the Las Vegas sharpsters did. We do not make Penn's Tony Price sit and watch the Carolina TV show. And we do not pressure SPORTS ILLUSTRATED into making the ACC tournament a cover story every year.

The only thing we've done is enjoy some great basketball the last five months. We eat it, drink it and sleep it. If ACC basketball irritates you opponents all that much, then why don't you just ignore it?

MIKE NUSGRAIM
Greensboro, N.C.

Sir

The fact that Penn has won eight of its last 12 meetings with ACC teams must have some significance. This year alone, Penn was three for three against the ACC, with one of those wins on an ACC court. St. John's was two for two this season against Duke, the pre-

season SPORTS ILLUSTRATED choice for No. 1. To top it off, Penn made it to the final four, which was refreshingly stocked with new faces.

WILLIAM BARLOW
DONALD VOLK
King of Prussia, Pa.

Sir

ACC teams do not, as Newman stated, get "swallowed up" in NCAA tournaments. Since 1974, and including this year's two losses, ACC teams have a combined 18-10 record in the NAAs. A few conferences or geographical groups have superior records attributable to an outstanding school—for example, Kentucky, Indiana, UCLA and Marquette. Six ACC teams have combined for the 18-10 record since 1974.

GARY OLINGER
Greensburg, Pa.

Sir

Proponents of college basketball at the Midwest and Northeast will long relish this year's postseason tournaments. The early demise of all five Atlantic Coast Conference entries hopefully will destroy the myth of ACC basketball supremacy.

The ACC has some merit, but the hype surrounding this league is not supported by post-season play, past or present. The slowdown strategies developed and employed by many ACC teams serve only to demonstrate their abilities at not playing basketball. I cannot object to a clever method of sealing a win in the waning minutes, but stalling tactics at the 15-minute mark can only lessen the thrill of this great sport.

BARRY GERBER
Ottawa, Ill.

Sir

The ACC not only proved that its teams were inferior, but that its fans were as well. It was a shame to have the finals of the Eastern Regional in an empty arena in Greensboro, where apparently fans only enjoy ACC basketball.

ART EASLEY
Kalamazoo, Mich.

MOUTHS

Sir

Regarding Larry Keith's article on NBC's dynamic announcing duo (*Two Moutbs Are Better Than Anyone*, March 5), he only briefly mentions their play-by-play man Dick Enberg. While Billy Packer and Al McGuire are magnificent, Enberg is probably the best sports announcer on any of the three networks today.

DAVE WARFIELD
Clayton, Mo.

Sir

Keith was right on target with all his observations on the combination of McGuire and Packer.

WILLIAM TOOMLEY
Albany, N.Y.

Sir

Indiana State University may be working fulltime on the Al McGuire Presidential campaign but the Canadian campaign of Al McGuire for Prime Minister has ground to a halt. McGuire blew his chances when, during the Michigan State-Notre Dame Midwest Regional final, Forward Mike Belovich of MSU was said to have been a good basketball player, "for a Canadian."

Would Bill Hewitt, voice of the Toronto Maple Leafs, say after a Detroit Red Wing goal by Reed Larson, "It was a good goal for an American"? No, we don't think so.

JEFF BLISSGARDIE
ALAN MAC MILLAN
London, Ontario

DENVER'S DILEMMA

Sir

Bias has no place in journalism, and certainly not in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. A *Rocky Mountain Low* (March 19) by John Papaneau was so tainted with bias it made Larry Brown sound as though he had committed a felony by leaving the team.

Rarely does a coach try to communicate with professional basketball players in order to mold them into a winning team. Brown tried it, with positive results, and for a Papaneau crucified him.

DAVID J. MILDAL
Boulder, Colo.

Sir

Your article *Rocky Mountain Low* is too kind. Carl Scheer and Larry Brown worked very hard to build the Nuggets into one of the few pro teams that succeeded in playing a team-concept game. Yet, amazingly, since the 1975-76 season, through personnel changes they have managed to undermine the very principle that brought success. Now the Nuggets are a weak imitation of last year's Philadelphia 76ers. Bringing in McGinnis and Scott was merely the crowning folly. Both Carl Scheer and Larry Brown are to blame for the Nuggets' demise, not McGinnis or Scott. After all, they should have known that in the NBA, like anywhere else, what you see is what you get.

JOHN DURHAM
Minnetonka, Wis.

SHORT STAND TALL

Sir

Larry Keith's story on Harry Chappas (Jr.)

continued

As I See It

by FRANK DEFORD

THIS WRITER HAS A PLAN TO CUT THE RIDICULOUS NBA SEASON DOWN TO SIZE

The NBA is beset by many problems, but its greatest deficiency is its insane schedule. I am convinced that this short-cutting could be rectified overnight if the following simple advice were heeded.

As late as 1960, the seventh game of the NBA championship series was played on April 9. Now it falls in June. The reason for this is to get in more games. The NBA has always adhered to the philosophy that more is better, but it doesn't always work that way, as they will tell you in Niger, which has the highest birth rate in the world. Nobody in the NBA ever dared consider that if it had fewer games, the product would be taken more seriously and thus be more valuable.

The NBA begins its current season on Oct. 13, and it goes on for almost eight months. Baseball takes six months to play 162 games, but baseball (like football) is a very well-defined institution in the rhythm of American life. Opening Day and the World Series are annual benchmarks. In addition, in baseball the pitchers are rotated, resulting in new strategies and different lineups, even when the same two teams play. This is the main reason why no NBA playoff series should ever be more than three of five. With different pitchers, four of seven is tolerable, with the set lineups, it is an excess.

The first thing the NBA must do is schedule its championship at a proper time, so that it gets due focus and distinction. An NBA *Playoff Week* must be carved into the sports calendar. The obvious time is the last week in April, following the Masters and the beginning of baseball season, and just before the Kentucky Derby. Moreover, the five games must be played with as few off days as possible. Last year, it took 18 days to play seven games. Diffusing your best product is marketing madness. The NBA championship should be played in one compact week. A Washington-Seattle series for 1979 would thus begin at Washington Monday, April 23. Travel the 24th. Play at Seattle Wednesday

and Thursday, April 25, 26. Travel the 27th. Play at Washington Saturday and Sunday, April 28, 29.

The league must also cut the lag time between the regular season and the championship. Last year many NBA teams finished playing six weeks before the Sonics and Bullets started their 18-day marathon. This is much too long a period. People in cities not involved lose interest, and the NBA championship is reduced to a regional competition. The regular season should conclude no later than the end of March, three weeks before the championship series open.

(A note of caution to the enlightened reader who is charmed by these wise proposals, forget it. The NBA will reply to any suggestions of change that it is impossible because the teams could never clear arena dates. This is the all-time, all-purpose excuse for all NBA folly.)

But if the conclusion of the NBA season is blurred, the beginning is invisible, because it starts at a time guaranteed to attract the least possible attention: in the midst of the World Series. If the NBA were in charge of the Fourth of July, it would schedule it on Dec. 25.

As a consequence of this disastrous planning, the NBA has no form, no grandeur. How can you take something seriously which starts in the dark and never ends? *The NBA must have a specific Opening Day—or, really, two consecutive Opening Days.* These two days must come: 1) after the World Series, and 2) in midweek so they won't compete with football. I suggest the first Wednesday and Thursday in November. All 22 teams in the NBA would play Wednesday-Thursday, home-and-home games against special opponents. For instance, the Knicks vs. the Nets at the Garden Wednesday, and in New Jersey on Thursday. The two teams which met in the championship series the April before would play return matches. If an especially big trade had been made—such as this season's McGinnis for Jones and Simpson deal—these two teams would be hooked to open home and home: Denver vs. Philadelphia, in this case. The NBA opening days would be a competitive extravaganza, something very special to start the season formally and with fanfare. Unfortunately, this is completely impossible, because, as you know, the arena dates could not be obtained.

Moreover, the unworkable schedule must be reduced, and the regular sea-

son divided into halves. The first half of the NBA season should have concluded this year on Thursday, Jan. 18. By that time, each team would have played 28 or 30 games, about a dozen fewer than they now drag through. The reason the first part of the season should have ended on Jan. 18 is because the Super Bowl took place the following Sunday, and there is no more sense hauling that than the World Series.

The first half of the NBA would be known as the "tournament season," because on Tuesday, two days after the Super Bowl, the great NBA tournament would begin. The top four teams in each of the four divisions would qualify. In each division, the champion would host the fourth-place team, the runner-up would host the third-place team. Eight games, all on Tuesday night. Single elimination. Then on Thursday night the eight winners play, the teams with the best records getting home court. Now we have four teams left, which travel to one tournament site—the Astrodome, the Garden, wherever—for semifinals Saturday and prime-time finals Monday.

The league takes its cut, the franchises theirs. Everything else goes into one pot for a genuine, certified, winner-take-all jackpot of \$100,000 or more per player for the tournament champion—the greatest team bonanza in sports. With money like that, players might even be moved to dive for loose balls.

On Wednesday, Jan. 31, the second half of the season—known as the "conference season"—would begin. Every team starts anew with a 0-0 record. Everybody has a fresh date. And every game counts plenty, because there will only be about 30—like a college season—and all of them will be against intrconference opponents. Only eight teams will qualify for the playoffs—the four division winners and the four other teams with the best records. These eight will play three rounds, all best-of-five, culminating in the championship playoffs that begin, as mentioned before, on Monday, April 23.

An additional note: the NBA will play its All-Star Series over the Washington Birthday weekend. There will be four divisional All-Star teams, meeting in a TV doubleheader Sunday afternoon, with the two winners squaring off for the winner-take-all purse on Monday night.

Of course, none of this is possible, because it would be impossible to obtain the arena dates.

END

It's a long way down to the top.

It starts with bellyflops and bruises. Over fifty practice dives a day. Every morning from age 7. And to get from the neighborhood pool to the

3-meter finals takes years of

encouragement

from coaches

and parents

and the

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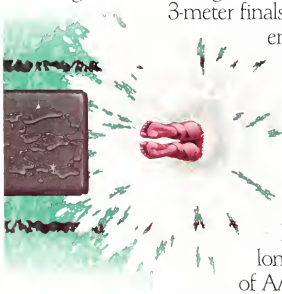
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And now we're getting behind AAU diving.

Giving thousands of eager young athletes a chance for glory. Because it takes a lot of getting to the bottom to make it to the top.



5 MILES A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY.

Mavis Lindgren had been subject to colds all her life. At two she had whooping cough, at 13 tuberculosis, and until middle age she was afflicted by chest colds that turned into pneumonia three times.

Then, at age 62, with her doctor's blessing, Mavis started running because she thought it would help her.

Obviously, it has. Now 71, Mavis says, "After I started running I never had another cold. I've been sick once in nine years. I had a real bad flu. I had it for three hours."

Mavis Lindgren and an estimated 10 million other joggers in America feel running keeps them healthy. It's something Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans believe in, too. We're convinced that people who exercise and stay fit help slow down the rise in health care costs.

Of course, there are other effective ways to fight rising costs besides asking you to stay fit. To do it, we've initiated many programs with doctors and hospitals.

Second surgical opinion, medical necessity programs, home care, health maintenance organizations, same-day surgery, pre-admission testing — these and other programs are being adopted by Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans all over the country to help keep costs in line.

We're encouraged. The average length of hospital stays for Blue Cross Plan subscribers under age 65 dropped by almost a day between 1968 and 1977. That may not sound like much. But if the length of stay were the same today as it was in 1968, we would be paying an additional \$1,249,869,813 a year. In addition, the rate of hospital admissions for these subscribers dropped by 4.9%, representing \$554,938,847.

But controlling health care costs without sacrificing quality is a tough problem. One we all have to work on together.

That's why Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans are actively promoting exercise, fitness and other health programs. Naturally, we'd like you to use common sense, see your doctor and don't overdo it at first.

But if you're concerned about high health care costs, do as Mavis Lindgren and millions of other Americans are doing.

Run away from them.

For a free booklet, "Food and Fitness," or for information on how your company can view a special film, "You Can't Buy Health," write Box 8008, Chicago, IL 60680.



Watch the first telecast of **The Boston Marathon**, made possible by a grant from the Blue Cross and Blue Shield Associations, Monday evening, April 16 on PBS. Check your local TV listing.



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ALL OF US HELPING EACH OF US.

Not Only a Game of Inches, March 19 brought back recollections of a tiny favorite of Chicago baseball fans on the North Side in the 1940s. He was Outfielder Dominic Dallesandro, who was stretching it to reach 5' 6". He hit over 300 for the Cubs during one of the war years. The Cubs broadcaster of the time, Bert Wilson, labeled him "Diminutive Dominic Dallesandro." Not only was that too long for the headline writers, but it caused Wilson to choke on the air a few times (nothing unusual for Bert), and it wasn't long before Diminutive Dominic became Dim Dem.

GEORGE BUREN
Eugene, Ore.

Sir

Larry Keith made no mention of Phil Rizzuto (5' 6"), who used to be a pretty fair baseball player.

NORM SADOWSKY
Brooklyn

Sir

Larry Keith has finally established himself as a "small-time" sportswriter.

RON ROMMEL (5' 9") D.D.S.
Kansas City, Mo.

Sir

Keith's lead paragraph emphasized the dis-

advantage of anything connected with the word "short," such as short-lived, short-tempered, etc. However, Keith got caught short by not stressing the fact that Harry Chappas' very position keynoted the word short, as in shortstop.

FRANKLIN HIBEL
Jacksonville

Sir

Verbal abuse is nothing new to the little man in our society, but the remarks of Chicago's Ron Blomberg (He's a nice little boy) about diminutive teammate Harry Chappas really blew me away. It's quite obvious that Chappas is short on size, but, unfortunately, Blomberg is short on intellect.

WELDON BUCKNER (5' 4½")
Little (no kidding) America, Wyo.

Sir

I just got home from a game of basketball in which my shots were blocked three out of five times. But my morale got a big boost when I opened my mailbox and saw Harry Chappas on the cover of SI. I hope he makes it. From all of us down here in all of you up there I say, "It's better to have loved a short than never to have loved a tall."

CHARLIE ROBERTS (5' 5")
San Diego

Sir,

As always, your review of the rookies was informative and highly enjoyable. Of the 1978 rookies you highlighted last year (Clint Hurdle, Jim Wright, Willie Wilson, Ted Coa, Dave Reverting, Ken Landreux, Lou Whitaker and Alan Trammell), only Wright failed to make a substantial contribution to his team. For the sake of Harry Chappas and the rest of the new crew, may this year's preview prove to be just as accurate.

RICHARD WINOGRAD
Wilmington, Del.

NO SURRENDER

Sir

Barry McDermott, in his story on the Grand Masters (It's Sniff May at September, March 12) wrote a line that will forever be etched in the hearts of 50-year-old types who love tennis:

"I plan to quote this line extensively, especially to my wife. 'There is something attractive about a person who refuses to capitulate to the erosion of age.'"

WILLIAM J. HANNA
Lexington, Ky.

BEAGLE-BRAINED

Sir,

My own experience with the delightful in-

continued

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In 1949 in San Francisco, my grandfather Henry Sutliff, opened his first tobacco shop. Grandfather's skill at selecting and blending the varied tobaccos earned by the great clipper ships was legendary among his discerning trade. But for himself and a few close friends, my grandfather reserved a selection of tobaccos whose rarity and expense precluded any general public distribution. There arose about this "Private Stock" an envious legend of unparalleled smoking pleasure. A legend you can now enjoy.

Gordon F. Sutliff



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the brutes tells me that Ron Rau (*Every Dog Has His Day*, March 5) knows and loves beagles. However, I am wary of the suggestion that added intelligence would create Super Beagle. The good Lord allowed the evolution of the beagle voice to what we appreciate today by letting the beagle brain shrink and slide down toward the nose, leaving the vacated brain pan to serve as sounding board and echo chamber. It is sad that some do not appreciate the beautiful result. Even my own wife frequently refers to this single-minded trailing ability as "beagle mentalpause" and suggests it may be contagious, since I don't come in out of the rain as much as I used to.

DOYLE B. CHAMBERS JR.
Shreveport, La.

ANDY'S BEANIES

Sir: Not being much of a golfer or fan, I found myself pleasantly surprised and amused at the life-style of one Andy Bean (*Off, Look at Off Andy Bean*, March 19). Good of Andy seems to be just one of the boys, out to show the world he isn't just one of the boys. In these times of overpaid jocks looking out for themselves, it is refreshing to read about a hardworking man who has made it and still remembers his roots.

After finishing the piece, I still was not a golf fan, but I am an Andy Bean fan.

THOMAS FERRELL
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Sir:

Even though my husband and I are brazen New Yorkers, we are solid fans of Andy Bean, the subject of Barry McDermott's eminently enjoyable article. We're hoping Bean's stay at the top will be a long one—he's a lot more interesting to watch and listen to than most pro golfers. He is truly golf's wild and crazy guy.

KATHY L. WERNER
New Hampton, N.Y.

NO TURTLE, ERTL

Sir:

Robert Cantwell's story about Mike Tagore (*The Great Dublin Robbery*, March 19) was a fascinating tale, just right for St. Patrick's Day. But there was a little blurb there: How could Referee Harry Ertl possibly get to New York from Columbus, Ga., in three hours in 1923?

TOD MCGINLEY
Sudbury, Mass.

BIG STALL

Sir:

These long-suffering wrestling fans read

with interest Herman Weiskopf's report (*Another Pay Roast for Iowa*, March 19) on the NCAA championships at Ames. Regarding the lengthy discussion of stalling penalties and the attributes of Dan Gable's Iowa Hawkeyes, it was surprising to see no mention of the fact that the loser of the 177-pound championship final, the first wrestler ever to claim the ignominious honor of having been disqualified from a final bout for stalling, was Iowa's own Bud Palmer. One wonders what Coach Gable had to say about that.

Palmer's performance in the finals effectively removed Lehigh's Mark Lieberman, the 177-pound champion, from contention for the outstanding wrestler award (with three falls and a major decision, he surely was in contention with the eventual winner, Palmer's teammate Bruce Kinzith), outraged the supporters of collegiate wrestling across the country, and discredited an otherwise superb team effort by victorious Iowa.

JOHN AARLAND
PHIL BELTZ
Bethlehem, Pa.

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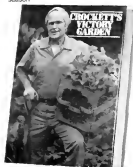
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